

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

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CHICAGO



These are some of the children The Chicago Herald and The Conquest will help by sending them a "Christmas Ship" laden with new clothes of all sorts, household linen, books, toys, boxes of candy. This picture represents a group of school children in Ulm on the Danube, Germany. There are also millions of children in Belgium, France, Austria, Serbia, etc., who will not have any Christmas this year unless it comes to them by way of Christian, peaceable America. Are you planning to help load the Christmas Ship?

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The Disciples Publication Society is an organization through which churches of the Disciples of Christ seek to promote undenominational and constructive Christianity.

The relationship it sustains to the Disciples is intimate and organic, though not official. The Society is not a private institution. It has no capital stock. No individuals profit by its earnings. The churches and Sunday-schools own and directly operate it. It is their contribution to the advocacy and practice of the ideals of Christian unity and religious education.

The charter under which the Society exists determines that whatever profits are earned shall be applied to agencies which foster the cause of religious education, although it is clearly conceived that its main task is not to make profits but to produce literature for building up character and for advancing the cause of religion.

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By Rev. George A. Campbell, Pastor of First Church, Hannibal, Mo.



Rev. G. A. Campbell.

ON TALKING WELL

Language is the greatest discovery or invention of man. Our capacity for dictionaries places us infinitely beyond all other animals. To talk well is a great art. Language is the expression of the soul. Expression and character constantly act and react upon each other. Bad thoughts and bad living make bad language. Good words and good life belong with each other. I heard much language on a football field the other day that did not comport with reverential feeling. Indeed, one hears cursing almost everywhere. The great souled words of all our hearts are used profanely. We do violence to our souls to use divine words in such a manner. It is a senseless custom, too. A man gets something when he steals, but he gains nothing when he swears. He loses much. It would seem possible to make our playgrounds and our lives as well clean in word. Why not begin a campaign? Will you guard your own expression? Begin at home.

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THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, EDITOR

HERBERT L. WILLETT, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

Human Progress and the War

WHAT IS THE WORST THING ABOUT THIS WAR?

Our first response to such a question is, naturally, that the taking of human life on so vast a scale is the worst thing about this war and all war. Nobody knows yet how many lives have already perished but the number will stagger the world when it is revealed, unless, indeed, our newspaper guesses at it have already accustomed our sensibilities to think of Europe's fields and cities under the imagery of a vast human shambles.

The slaughter of men on the battle field is but half the toll this war is taking in human life. There are the families of the soldiers, the wives and mothers and children and the aged men, whose suffering is more and deeper than they endure who fare forth with their comrades to fight and the inevitable slaughter of non-combatants—they who chance to live in the path of the war—we have no faculty with which to imagine the tragedy that has already broken and crushed the peasantry of Belgium and of northern and eastern France.

Here is a picture, a little cameo, picked out of the newspaper's account of the great slaughter:

While we were looking a shell burst in the hamlet of Waterloo, whose red brick houses were clustered almost at our feet.

A few minutes later a procession of fugitive villagers came plodding up the cobble-paved road, headed by an ashen-faced peasant, pushing a wheelbarrow, and with weeping women clinging to his arm. In the wheelbarrow, atop a pile of household goods, was sprawled the body of a little boy. He could not have been more than seven. His little knickerbockered legs and playworn shoes protruded grotesquely from under a heap of bedding. When they lifted it we could see his face had been torn away by a shell.

Beside him lay his little sister, a tot of three, with blood streaming from a shell wound in her face but clinging convulsively to a toy lamb which once had been white but now was red with blood.

I shall take away with me from this war many terrible memories, but I think the one that will always remain most vivid will be these pitiful forms.

Our imaginations are lost in contemplating the whole hideous picture, but this detail, this tiny corner of the vast canvas is in reality a miniature of the whole. Multiply this by—a hundred thousand? a million? five million? who knows?—and you have the whole horrible picture.

* * *

But there are some things better than life. There are some things which are gloriously worth dying for. There are some things gloriously worth giving your son for, and your husband and your father, and suffering for yourself in poverty and heart-break all the rest of your days. Truth and honor and the well being of others and the ideal of a better social order for future generations—these are all worth while for a man to lay down his life and for a woman to give up her husband or a mother to give up her son. To help establish these supreme moral goods is the great business of living, and if it takes life to establish them our humanity has always been heroically willing to give life without stint and without whining.

It is not soft sentimentality, therefore, that moves us to deplore this present war. Our hearts revolt at it because there is no worth while moral issue at stake. It is a mad war, an irrational war, a hysterical and frenzied slaughter. And the thing wherein humanity suffers most is not in the mere shedding of blood, but the halting and inevitable turning back of those movements which during the long period of peace have been making for a new humanity, a new social order.

Miss Jane Addams has recently called attention to this aspect of the world situation with a vividness which only a soul highly sensitive to the forces of social progress could impart. Having spent her life to secure better conditions of living for little children, the ignorant, the aged and for women, Miss Addams feels with peculiar force the changed conditions under which social reform will have to proceed after the war is over.

Social progress will have to begin all over again, she says.

* * *

Here are the movements for pensioning the aged, for restricting the physical labor of women in industry, for relieving the squalor of slum conditions in great cities and for bringing to the peasant classes of Europe the culture and advantages hitherto denied them.

Such movements for uplift presuppose national wealth. But the nations are coming out of this war poor.

Such movements presuppose leisure, the shortening of hours of labor and the widening of the margin of time for culture and human intercourse. But the nations are coming out of the war with the facilities of industry greatly depleted, and it will be the fate of hundreds of thousands of women to take the place in industry made vacant by the killing off of men bread-winners in battle.

What legislature or parliament will be in a state of mind to consider the finer devices for humanizing life, for leveling up social conditions—devices like the minimum wage, the old-age pension, the eight hour day, the sanitary protection of the environment in which men work, and a score of others which the last quarter century has discussed and tested—when their nations confront the vast brute facts which this war will leave with them?

It has been hard enough to get the human point of view defined in our legislatures during these times of peace and affluence. It will be incomparably harder when the war has broken down so much of the scaffolding by which man has been ascending.

* * *

In respect to human progress this war is unspeakably evil and only evil. It marks an awful relapse. No philosophizing can show mankind any compensation. The filmy threads by which the whole world was being surely though slowly woven into a normal and interdependent unity have been ruthlessly broken off, and hatred and recrimination are doing their brutalizing work.

Yes, many things must be begun all over again.

But with God's help we'll do them better next time!

The Kingdom of Heaven

A Sermon on the Text: "Repent for the Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand."

BY L. O. BRICKER.

Those attending the General Convention this week and next will be seeing the face and hearing the directing voice of the pastor of the Atlanta church of Disciples, but probably his many duties of organization will so occupy him that no occasion will be afforded for an expression of his mind and heart such as his people enjoy from week to week. The sermon we are presenting to our readers was preached by Mr. Bricker a year ago, and gives an insight into his type of thinking and preaching. We have asked Rev. Dr. White to write the accompanying word which is a tribute any pastor might well covet from such a colleague.

SOME years ago as a fruit of the Spanish-American war, the Philippine islands became a possession province of America; and its millions of ignorant, barbarous, and semi-civilized people became the wards of America. The American flag was raised over that country, and before the face of the world we took possession of it. Then our problem was: what shall we do with it? It is a possession and province of America; how can we Americanize it? How get American thought, ideals, principles and civilization into these people, so that at last they may become Americans? How go about setting up the kingdom of America, the principles of American life and liberty and order, in the Philippines? Who will go for us, and whom can we send?"

First, we sent out a great American to be governor of the Philippines, to represent American law and order and liberty and justice, to those people who had never known liberty or law or order or justice. Next, we sent out an army of American school teachers, to gather the Filipino boys and girls and teach them the American language, customs, habits, ways of thinking and dressing and doing and living. Next, we sent out another army of missionaries to teach the people the American religion, ideals and morals. And these civil officers, teachers and missionaries became the preachers of the gospel of Americanism to the Filipinos.

APPLYING THE ILLUSTRATION.

Now, I trust that you are following me and seeing what it is that I am trying to illustrate. Just as the Philippines became a possession and province of America, so the earth is the Lord's, and its people His people. And the problem which the American government faced, and faces, how to set up the kingdom of America in the Philippines, and make Americans out of Filipinos, is an illustration of the problem of God—how to set up the kingdom of heaven on earth, make saints out of sinners, and transform them into citizens of the heavenly kingdom. And the means which the American government uses, sending officers, teachers and missionaries, who are the preachers of the gospel of Americanism to the Filipinos, is an illustration of the method of Jesus, going through all the villages and cities, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of heaven, and sending his disciples into all the cities and towns, saying to them: "As ye go, preach, saying: The kingdom of heaven is at hand."

THE HEART OF JESUS' MESSAGE.

And the heart of the message of Jesus finds illustration here also. "From that time Jesus began to preach and say, Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." We might be living in a different world if all preachers had followed the method of Jesus. As a rule, preachers have not preached the Gospel of Jesus, but of our theological systems and plans of salvation, in which heaven and hell have been held up as the supreme motives why men should repent. Is not this the doc-



Rev. L. O. Bricker, surrounded by the men of First Church, who are directing the Various Departments of the Convention's Entertainment.

trine we have always heard: "Repent, or the devil will get you. Repent, or you will be lost. Repent, or you cannot go to heaven. Repent, or you will go to hell." "From that time Jesus began to preach and to say: Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Repent, for a larger, freer, nobler life is come unto you, a happier, sweeter, better life is at hand for you. His sermons were not threats. He began with "Blessed, Blessed...." The sanity of this method is illustrated by the teacher in the Philippines. The American Christian teacher finds a naked, dirty, ignorant Filipino boy, utterly satisfied with his nakedness and dirt and idleness, and says to him: "O, boy, repent! Change from your poor and miserable life, not because the devil will get you if you don't, for the devil has you already—the devil of ignorance and depravity and dirt—but repent, for the kingdom of America is at hand. There is a large, free, useful life possible for you: the life of a clean, clothed body, cultured mind, better habits, useful occupation, a life such as neither you, nor your fathers, have ever known. I am come

that you may have this life; to make you a citizen of America." This is the gospel, the good news, to the Filipino. And this is the gospel of the kingdom of heaven which Jesus preached—the gospel of a larger, deeper, better, fuller life. "I am come that you may have life, and have it more abundantly." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." "Follow me." "This is life eternal, to know God, and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent." Repent, for the kingdom of heaven, with its large, full, rich life is at hand. "As many as receive me, to them I give power to become the sons of God." "He that followeth me shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life."

WHO IS IN THE KINGDOM?

The kingdom of heaven on earth is made up of those who hear this gospel, turn to it in belief and obedience, take Christ for Master and Lord, follow him, drink of his spirit, live his life, and do the will of God. "Whoso doeth the will

of my father who is in heaven the same is my brother and sister and mother." And this is the prayer of the kingdom: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Now, the Bible contains no teaching about "getting into heaven" as the object of life. I know that our theology holds this before us as the supreme reason why men should repent and become Christians, and be good and righteous, that we may go to heaven when we die. "O, you must be a lover of the Lord; Or you can't go to heaven when you die," says the hymn of our childhood; but this is foreign to the spirit of the New Testament.

Not to get us into heaven, but to get heaven into us, is the theme of Jesus. To get the spirit of heaven into human lives on this earth, and with these heaven-filled lives, set up the kingdom of heaven on earth: and enlarge this kingdom by getting heaven into still more and more lives, until at last the prophetic cry of the angel is heard: "Behold, the kingdoms of the world have become the kingdom of our God and His Christ." Then all shall know him, from the least unto the least unto the greatest and this will be the new earth, and every city a holy city.

JESUS' THEME.

This is the theme of Jesus. But it is not the theme of popular theology. The Latin system of theology, which is the foundation of all systems, is based upon the proposition that the world is hopelessly in the grip of the devil, and that evil is all powerful. Therefore, the best thing that a Christian can do is to escape from this wicked world, and save his soul alive; and if one would be a saint, let him flee away from the evil world and hide himself in some secluded place and give himself up to the work of saving his soul. Through a thousand years the Latin church has made monks and nuns of men and women, and has never believed that the world could be saved; all that could be done was to rescue a few from the wreck and ruin. This was the theology of John Bunyan, in his *Pilgrim's Progress*. "Christian" found himself in a wicked world; his one aim was to escape

from it, and save his soul; his one thought was to get out of this terrible world without the stain of defilement upon his garments; his whole life was one long flight from evil. It never occurred to him to settle down anywhere and try to transform a community, and set up the kingdom of heaven in that place. No thought of transformation ever entered his mind, his one thought was translation, transmigration, getting out of this wicked world and getting safe into heaven. He did not seem to understand that the program of Jesus is transfiguration, not transportation. The "Pilgrim's Progress" has

immediate importance is to get heaven into you, and to make you a living, active, working member in the kingdom of heaven on this earth. Once we get heaven into us this earth is a mighty good place, and, so far as this life goes, the best possible place for you. And until we get heaven into us, heaven is the last place we ought to want to go to. What would a man do in heaven if he did not have the spirit of heaven in him? A man without heaven in him would be wretched on the golden streets; he would be smitten with ennui amid the choiring angels. The water of life would not quench his thirst,

and the tree of life would not feed his hunger. But if Christ be formed within us, if we have the spirit of Christ, and have been transformed into his image, if heaven is within us, we might go into the very abode of the lost and through all the pits of perdition, as the three Hebrew children went through the fiery furnace, and our joy would remain with us. For it is not where we are, but what we are that makes heaven and hell. "Myself am heaven and hell." No matter what the outward condition of our lives, nor how many the pains and troubles, if we have heaven within us, nothing can separate us from the love of God.

AMERICA AND HEAVEN.

Coming back to our illustration: Suppose a Filipino boy, having heard of the wonders of the life in America, the beauty of the cities and the pleasures of the streets, should be possessed of one aim and desire—to go to America. "If I could only get into that wonderful country, it would be heaven to me." And then his teacher would say to him: "It would be no joy to

you to go to America until you are Americanized. Wait until you get the spirit of America into you. If you go now, you would not feel at home. They speak a language there that you do not yet understand. Their habits and customs and ways would be strange to you. You would be an outsider, miserable and lonely. Wait until you become an American, speak the language, think the thought, live the life. We have come, not to take you to America, but to bring America to you; to make your country (Continued on page 10.)

The Convention Pastor

AN APPRECIATION OF REV. L. O. BRICKER, BY HIS NEIGHBOR,
REV. JOHN E. WHITE, OF THE SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH.

The First Christian Church of Atlanta, and all the churches, justly admire Rev. L. O. Bricker. Probably a more signal success has never attended the leadership of a southern pastor. His own communion surely must recognize the difference wrought in its whole front in this section of the South through his ministry. Those who marked the place of the Disciples of Christ in Atlanta five years ago as negligible, or who saw with sympathy its discouraging struggles, take notice now of a vital and aggressive force conquering and to conquer. Dr. Bricker's predecessors wrought well, but he, building on their foundations, has constructed his own broadly and has built on it an achievement beyond the reach of doubts and fears. I should say that the people he represents are more than 100 per cent stronger in the Christian force and influence in the community of Atlanta than they were five years ago.

It would be impossible for me to record this fact for publication if his achievements consisted merely in a denominational success. The leader of an adjoining church of another denomination would not take pleasure in this sort of tribute if Dr. Bricker and his church had accomplished such results in a sectarian spirit and with a sectarian motive. But the facts are precisely the contrary. We have all felt their impulse helpfully. Their initiative in Sunday-school enterprise is mainly responsible for the fact that other Sunday-schools in Atlanta have almost doubled their efficiency within the past two years. The great contest of 1913 between the First Christian and the Second Baptist churches was Dr. Bricker's proposition. Its consequences were remarkable, not only in the strong competition aroused, which put the churches on their mettle, but in the beautiful spirit it demonstrated as the practical and proper relation of churches in our present denominational separateness. When the contest was done, the two churches were hanging about each other's necks, in some exhaustion, to be sure, but in Christian joy. They had discovered one another, and saw that, after all, they were rivals only for their common Lord.

Dr. Bricker's personality is pervasively inoculating. He radiates well and unconsciously. He preaches the love of God in the pulpit, no doubt. I do not have the pleasure of hearing him preach, but I have noted that he preached the love of God on the streets and in strenuous committee meetings, and that he never undertakes the impossible of preaching the love of God with his fists. He is a soft-spoken dynamo, a sort of catapult gentleness.

It is perfectly apparent that he thinks between Sundays. He plans his work and works his plans. Somehow he puts enough sugar in his methods to attract the aloof spirits which incline to linger around the circumference, and secures what is the despair of many pastors—a congregation of the congregation. There is a constant rolling up of the sleeves at the First Christian, in fact I think they have discarded sleeves altogether over there.

Just now, I notice Dr. Bricker appears a bit war-worn. He is chief mobilizer for the great army of Disciples, who are beginning to gather from ten thousand camps with "Atlanta" on their banners. When the great Convention assembles in this city it will find a perfect "brick" of a Bricker doing nothing but waiting for it, and if any turn of arrangement requires readjustment, he will calmly say in the language of Von Moltke at Sedan to some perplexed lieutenant, "Cabinet Three, drawer number Five."

JOHN E. WHITE.

shaped the theology of our childhood, and is the popular idea today. One thought is uppermost in the Christian mind of our times—to get into heaven at last. How many times we have heard good Christians sigh and say: "If I can only get into heaven at last, the thorny path and the dark clouds do not matter."

GET HEAVEN INTO YOU.

Well, bless your heart, of course you will get into heaven, if you are headed that way; your heavenly Father will see to that. But the great fact of present and

Hindrances to Christian Unity

BY E. V. ZOLLARS.

This article by President E. V. Zollars, of Phillips University, is a singularly encouraging statement. Mr. Zollars is always counted with the ultra-conservative group of leaders of our people whose statements of the Disciples' plea for Christian unity so often take on a tone of cocksureness that can hardly be distinguished from bigotry. We confess to a grateful and happy surprise in finding this irenic and gracious-minded article from Mr. Zollars' pen in the columns of *The Christian Courier* of Dallas, Texas. The recognition of the facts pointed out by him and the consistent adoption of and adherence to the fine spirit of his message by us all would greatly advance the cause of unity both among us Disciples and in the whole Church of Christ.

It is encouraging to know that much progress has been made along the lines of Christian union since the day of Thomas Campbell. The subject is no longer tabooed or shoved into the back-ground and counted as unworthy of notice, but Christian union has come to be a popular pulpit theme among all the religious bodies of the Protestant world. Unfortunately, however, the divisions of one hundred years ago still exist, and even the evils have been aggravated by new divisions that have sprung up from time to time. A superficial view might lead to the conclusion that the progress had been away from, instead of towards, Christian union, but such a conclusion would be manifestly far from the truth. The bitterness of sectarianism has been overcome, at least to a considerable degree, the desirability of union is being recognized by a continually and rapidly increasing number among all religious bodies, and the feeling is becoming quite general that Christian union must come and will come in the not distant future.

It is well for us to consider some of the hindrances that lie in the way of the accomplishment of the great end for which Christ prayed.

I.

I would mention that in the minds of many of the Disciples of Christ the method of union has come to fill a place out of proportion to the plea itself. In our local congregations we have grown complacent and self-satisfied with the fact that we have reproduced, in a very large measure, the apostolic Christianity, or, at least we think we have done so, forgetting, it seems to me, the ultimate and practical realization of the union contemplated by our restoration movement. We think our duty done when an occasional sermon to our people has been preached. How many of our preachers make an effort to bring together the preachers of the various religious bodies of their towns or cities for the consideration of the subject of Christian union? How many ever make any practical attempt to realize the thing that lay heaviest on the heart of Christ when the sorrows of Gethsemane were close upon him? I do not believe the people in the average church hear as many sermons on Christian union as were preached in the average church of fifty years ago. Surely the time is coming when some more practical measures, looking to the union of Christians than we have yet taken, should be inaugurated.

II.

Another matter that I would mention as standing in the way of union, or at least crowding out of our minds the importance of union, is our organized work for missions and benevolence. Surely, I will not be understood as saying anything against missionary or benevolent activity. A great people numbering a million and one-half certainly should recognize the great obligation to carry out the commission of our Lord, and to engage in all forms of benevolence that make organized



President E. V. Zollars of Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma.

work desirable, but we should not forget that as a people we did not crystallize upon the idea of missions or benevolence, but upon union, and that this fundamental question must not be obscured by any other consideration, if we are true to our mission as a people. Personally, I have always been an ardent friend of missions and of every form of benevolent work, and I would utter no word that would discourage in the slightest degree activity along those lines, but I would sound the note of warning against allowing our attention to be diverted from the only thing that in my mind justifies our separate existence as a people. Let us ever keep in mind that the best way to promote missionary work and every form of Christian benevolence is to bring to pass the union for which we plead. Whenever Christian union is brought about, more progress will be made in one year towards the evangelization of the world than in ten years as matters now stand. I do not believe this is an exaggeration.

III.

The third obstacle standing in the way of Christian union I verily believe is the sectarian spirit. An unsectarian plea is not always necessarily accompanied by an unsectarian spirit. Sectism has ever been the bane of the Christian world. The tendency of men to divide up into classes, cliques and clans seems to show itself everywhere. Even the individual church has often been retarded in its work on account of the divisions that exist when the sectarian spirit manifests itself between the different religious bodies of the time. It is very hard for some people, even while pleading for union, to show an unsectarian spirit to their religious neighbors. I have seen this spirit stand in the way of many practical measures looking towards the union that is theoretically desired. The unsectarian plea must be accompanied by an unsectarian spirit if practical results are to be achieved.

IV.

Another barrier to Christian union is the prejudice that exists among the various religious bodies and from which we, as a people, are not free. Prejudice is a necessary concomitant of the sect spirit. The two go together and they make union a practical impossibility as long as they exist. There is no better way to eliminate prejudice than for each religious body to magnify the good points of its neighbors—in short, magnify the points of agreement, which, after all, are more numerous than the points of difference. When the various Christian bodies learn to love each other better, and to appreciate each other's worth, it will not be a difficult matter to eliminate those things that now serve to divide. If a little effort is made, Christian people will be surprised at how much good they can find in their religious neighbors, and they will discover how few are the points of difference, and they will also see that their contentions arise, not over things that are found in the Bible, but about things that are extra-Biblical—that is, about human additions to, and subtraction from, the doctrines and practices of the apostolic Church.

V.

Another barrier to union is sectarian bigotry—in other words, the assumption by the individual that the church to which he adheres has all the truth and none of the errors that afflict the religious world, and that there is nothing further to be desired. This is closely akin to prejudice. In fact, both are the legitimate fruits of sectarianism. Bigotry is a sort of Pharisaism which manifests the same unlovely and un-Christian spirit wherever and whenever it exists. The assumption that "I am more holy than thou" has done more to perpetuate division than differences in creeds. The disposition to form and maintain close corporations is seen in all religious bodies, and it is the exact opposite of the broad, liberal spirit that always and everywhere animates the true Christian.

VI.

The last barrier to Christian union that I will mention is the failure to clearly distinguish between matters of faith and matters of opinion. After every principle vital to Christianity has been recognized and insisted upon, without the slightest surrender, there is still left a wide realm for individual opinions, which never should be made matters of faith or conditions of fellowship. In fact, in any of the religious bodies of the present time there are differences of opinion among the individual members on many matters. I am convinced that there is as much difference of opinion on a great many questions between members of the same religious organization as between members of different organizations, and yet oftentimes these opinions are exalted to the realm of faith and made barriers to union between believers. Christian people must learn to allow large liberty of opinion if union is to become an accomplished fact. This means, of course, that there must be clear discrimination between matters of

faith and matters of opinion, and that in the latter the utmost freedom must be allowed.

But notwithstanding the obstacles that seem to stand in the way of the union for

which we plead and pray, it is encouraging to know that substantial progress is being made. Sectarian prejudice is growing weaker. Bigotry and exclusiveness are less in evidence. The desire for

union is growing stronger, and, please God, the day is not distant when the prayer of Christ shall be answered that believers shall be one as Christ and the Father are one. God speed the day

The Successful Parishioner

An Article Bringing Out the Other Half of a Much Discussed Subject.

BY H. S. BENJOMA.

A GOOD deal is said and written in these days about the Successful Pastor, and much needs to be said, for much depends on him.

Almost anybody is able to tell you what kind of a man he ought to be, and what are the things that will make him successful. He must be a scholar and an orator—must not be too old, though he cannot well be too young. He must be well groomed and always presentable, a profound thinker, and a good mixer. He must be a skillful financier in order to make his salary hold out, and he must be a wise counselor in every matter that may come up. He is expected to be seen frequently in the homes of his people, and to make himself so agreeable that they will always want him to come again. He must be a good sermon maker, and above all, he must know how not to make them too long. Yes, everybody knows what is necessary for a successful pastor, and it is a great pity there are so few who conform to the ideal that is so reasonable, and so common.

There is not so much said and written about the Successful Parishioner, though there ought to be, for he is more necessary for the progress of the Kingdom than the Successful Pastor, because there are so many more of him. We very much need better ministers and better preachers—more wise and faithful and efficient leaders; but there is an even greater need of good followers—more faithful, true and efficient men and women to stand in the ranks. It is quite as necessary for the progress of the Kingdom that we have Successful Parishioners as that we have Successful Pastors. If the Parishioner fails to be successful it is not always so conspicuous as when the Pastor fails, but often it is quite as serious a disaster. Let me point out some of the marks of a Successful Parishioner.

LOVES THE CHURCH.

He loves his church. He believes that it is important, and gives it the foremost place in his thought and care. He does not devote to it simply such remnants of time and effort as he can spare as well as not from his business and other interests. It is one of the things to be provided for and looked after promptly, and as a matter of course. He may belong to other organizations and fraternities; but he always puts his Church before them, and never allows them to interfere with his Church duties. He never puts his lodge in the place of the prayer-meeting, nor spends so much of his time and money in promoting other interests that he has none left for the work of the Kingdom. His Church comes next to his home in his affections, and in his thought and care.

The Successful Parishioner is not a Boss. He is not anxious to be a leader. He may have qualities of leadership

that naturally bring him to the front; but he does not claim that place as his right, nor feel abused and offended if he is left in the rear. He is willing to lead if that place is assigned to him, and he is just as willing to follow. It takes as much skill and oftentimes more grace to be a good follower than a good leader. Some men who are successful in the latter position break down entirely in the former, but the Successful Parishioner is a good follower as well as a good leader. He does not push himself to the front, but he is ready to undertake any work or to fill any place that is assigned to him.

A BURDEN BEARER.

The Successful Parishioner is ready and willing to bear burdens. There are many heavy burdens to be borne in connection with the Church and the Kingdom. There are some people who are quite ready to share the benefits that come with these institutions, but when there are heavy responsibilities to be carried, and disagreeable duties to be performed, they are not there. You cannot depend upon them for those things. In some way they will shirk out of them. But it is not so with the Successful Parishioner; he takes these heavy burdens, and bears them like a man. Often you will see him carrying, not only his own burden, but also that of his less dependable brother. It is pretty hard for him sometimes, but he has his reward in increased strength, and perfect manhood.

The Successful Parishioner is able to do "team-work." He can co-operate with other people. Sometimes you will find a man who is quite efficient as an individual, but no good whatever in working with others. Give him a job alone, and he will do it well; but he can't seem to work with a crowd. He is not able to relate himself and his efforts to any general movement. If he comes into the movement at all he is a disturbing element; he feels uncomfortable himself, and makes everybody else uncomfortable, and soon he steps out of the ranks. But it is not so with the Successful Parishioner. He can work with other people. He stays in the ranks, and his presence there is always a help and an inspiration.

DOES NOT GET THE SULKS.

The Successful Parishioner does not get the sulks. If things do not go as he wants them to, he does not fly off the handle. He does not go off into a corner and pout, or say as little children sometimes do when things go wrong, "I won't play!" He is able to keep good-natured when he can't have his own way, and when his pet plans are not adopted, he will co-operate heartily in carrying out the plans of the other man. He is not so much in love with his own ideas that he can see no good in those of other

people. He believes that a poor plan heartily carried out is better than a good plan with dissension and bitterness. No, the Successful Parishioner is too much of a man to go off in the sulks. You will never find him in the corner pouting. He is in the best place for service that he can find, tugging away with a cheerful face and an encouraging word.

The Successful Parishioner lets his Pastor into his life. He does not hold him at arm's length, but permits him to come up close to him, and gives him the joy and inspiration of a brother's loving confidence. Sometimes people think a Pastor is cold and unsympathetic, when the fact is that they shut up like a clam when he comes near, and will not let him have any chance at them. But the Successful Parishioner meets his Pastor half way. He gives him a hearty welcome, not only to his house, but also to the deep experiences of his life, and in that way he helps to make him successful. In some way you must get in where a man lives if you are going to be anything to him, and you cannot do that unless he will open the door.

HIS PASTOR'S FRIEND.

The Successful Parishioner is his Pastor's friend. He is ready to appreciate any good thing that he may do or say, and he loves him so much that when he gets off the track, and says and does foolish things, as is sometimes the case, he goes to him like a brother, and frankly talks the matter over, and so the bond of brotherhood between them is made strong and tender. He is not indiscriminate in his praise, nor harsh and heedless in his criticism. He trusts his Pastor, and his Pastor trusts him, and there is a good understanding between them.

The Successful Parishioner sometimes makes "Pastoral Calls"—that is, he sometimes calls on his Pastor. It is a mistake to think that the Pastor should make all the calls. The people should make some. He needs such ministry as much as the people do. He has his perplexities and problems that press pretty heavily upon him at times, and nothing helps him more, nothing gives him more courage and cheer, than to have the Successful Parishioner call around once in a while. It gives him a sense of fellowship that enables him to take up his heavy burden, and go on his way rejoicing. The Pastor needs to be called upon as much as the people do, and the Successful Parishioner does not forget it. How welcome such calls are none but a weary and discouraged Pastor ever knows.

The hope of the Church and of the Kingdom is largely with the Successful Parishioner, and that hope is bright and strong in these days because there are so many of them. With the in-

The Chant of the Vultures

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

We are circling, glad of the battle; we rejoice in the smell of the smoke.

Fight on in the hell of trenches: we publish your fame with a croak!

Ye will lie in dim heaps when the sunset blows cold on the reddening sand;

Yet fight, for the dead will have wages—a death-clutch of dust in the hand.

Ye have given us banquet, O kings, and still do we clamor for more:

Vast, vast is our hunger, as vast as the sea-hunger gnawing the shore.

'Tis well ye are swift with your signals—the blaze of the banners, the blare

Of the bugles, the boom of battalions, the cannon-breath hot on the air.

It is for our hunger ye hurry, it is for our feast ye are met: Be sure we will never forget you, O servants that never forget!

For we are the Spirits of Battle, the peerage of greed we defend:

Our lineage rose from the Night, and we go without fellow or friend.

We were, ere our servant Sesostrius spread over the Asian lands The smoke of the blood of the peoples, the ashes he blew from his brands.

We circled in revel for ages above the Assyrian stream, While Babylon builded her beauty, and faded to dust and to dream.

We scattered our laughter on Europe—and Troy was a word and a waste,

The glory of Carthage was ruined, the grandeur of Rome was effaced!

And we blazoned the name of Timour, as he harried his herd of kings,

And the host of his hordes wound on, a dragon with undulant rings.

And we slid down the wind upon France, when the steps of the earthquake passed,

When the Bastille bloomed into flame, and the heavens went by on the blast.

We hung over Austerlitz cheering the armies with jubilant cries;

We scented three kings at the carnage, and croaked our applause from the skies.

O kings, ye have catered to vultures—have chosen to feed us forsooth

The joy of the world and her glory, the hope of the world and her youth,

O kings, ye are diligent lackeys: we laurel your names with our praise,

For ye are the staff of our comfort, for ye are the strength of our days.

Then spur on the host in the trenches to give up the sky at a stroke:

We tell all the winds of their glory: we publish their fame with a croak!

"As We Forgive"

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON.

Of all articles of the Christian faith, no one is so cherished and so little believed as forgiveness. Science knows nothing about forgiveness, and theology has occupied itself largely with inventing substitutes for it. We have said that God forgives, and then have tried to show how God does something else than forgive. But God has taught us that we are to forgive, and to interpret his forgiveness as of the same kind as that with which we are familiar. "Forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors," is at once the measure of our own hope of forgiveness, and our estimate of the moral quality of that of God. But most unfortunately, we have so perverted the very gospel of Christ itself as to make his work, the very work which shows us that God can forgive and does, the basis of a set of theories which assume that God does something else than forgive; that he makes conditions of forgiveness which involve the essential elements of punishment.

Let us assure ourselves that God forgives, and that the Son of man had power on earth to forgive, and that we are to forgive as God forgives. And, lest we dishonor God by assuming that there are conditions attached to his forgiveness which would nullify our own, let us never accuse God of pretending to forgive, on any terms that would not be counted forgiveness among ourselves.

I once went to a distinguished surgeon to ask him to indorse the application of a young woman for a position for which she had applied. His official relations with the institution where she asked employment were such that his indorsement was not only necessary, but was practically equivalent to an appointment. And it chanced that he and I were of the very few who knew that this young woman had once done a very wrong act.

I told him I was confident that the

young woman would do well; that she was thoroughly changed; and that no serious risk attached to her appointment.

"And yet," said he, "you know very well that she would not be accepted if the whole story were known."

"I know that," said I, "and therefore I ask that you secure her appointment with some departure from the customary formalities."

He said to me: "You ministers have ways of providing for the forgiveness of sin that we doctors know nothing about. I am not a religious man; I will say further to you, I am not a moral man; and I do not judge this young woman by your standard of morality. But I think I know better than you how impossible it is to escape the penalty of sin. You may be able to do it in theology, but we do not have any well-settled theory of forgiveness in medicine."

I told him that in theology theories are nearly as chaotic and self-contradictory as in medicine.

"Ours are not self-contradictory," said he. "They are at least consistent, and they are remorseless."

"You are wrong," said I. "They are finely inconsistent; for with all your theory that sin cannot be forgiven, you are going to forgive this girl, and help her to a position where she can earn an honest living."

And he did. His theory was all against forgiveness, but he forgave. And he was never sorry for it.

God forgives. Christ came to show that God forgives. Men have believed that truth enough to come to God in Christ; but their theories about it have been very largely wrong.

Happily our religion is better than our theology, and our practice is better than our theory. We, too, have learned to forgive in the identical way that God forgives; and we can therefore pray, "For-

give us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors." There is no other way for God to forgive than that which he has taught us. God's way is at least as good as ours, and possibly better; but it rests on the same ethical principle. The principle may be inconsistent with our theories, but if so the fault is with the theories.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

(Continued from page 7.)

a kingdom of America, to make you a citizen of America."

"The kingdom of heaven is within you," said Jesus: and to this the apostle adds: "Ye are no longer strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and the household of God."

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE SAVED.

The word "saved" has also been corrupted from its New Testament meaning. What, in the mind of Jesus and the apostles, does it mean to be saved? In all of our evangelistic preaching and in our prayers, we make constant use of the word, saved. In preaching we use it as meaning saved from the penalty and consequences of our sins, saved from death, saved from hell. In our prayers we say: "Forgive our sins, and save us at last." "Forgive us now, and in death save us." "Save us finally with all the redeemed in heaven," our one conception being escape, security. The word in the New Testament means saved from the low, base, beggarly elements of our earthly lives; and saved unto the large free glorious spiritual life in Christ Jesus; saved unto God. Saved from poor, narrow lives, from sordid and base thought, from low and mean aims, from sin and uncleanness; saved unto the glorious liberty of the sons of God, made free by the truth, walking in the joy of the Lord, sitting in heavenly places with Christ.

And such saved people are to become saviors of others. The Christian is to live a life so beautiful, so full, so joyous, so complete, that the world will turn to it as a thing to be desired.

Don't Die on Third

How to Make a Home Run in the Game of Life.

It was some time ago, when the Tigers were playing the team from Cleveland.

Moriarty was on third base.

Around the chalk-lined arena 18,000 persons strained themselves in tense expectancy. The score was a tie. Two men were out. The fate of the game centered in the white-bloused figure that shuffled back and forth near third. Tigers and Naps stood up at their benches, for the decisive moment had come.

Moriarty was at third.

He got there by the ordinary events of the game. At the bat he hit the ball and ran to first. Another player bunted and sacrificed himself to run Moriarty to second. Then a "long fly" advanced him to third. There he stood, alert and active, with the fate of the game in his quick eye, his quicker brain and his running legs. If he failed, he failed not alone, for the team failed with him. If he won, he won not alone, but gave the men behind him their chance for "home." In him centered the hopes and fears of thousands upon thousands of spectators who had forgotten to breathe, and so still was the great park that even the breeze seemed forgetful to blow.

Moriarty was at third.

Much as it meant to have advanced that far, nothing had been accomplished by it. Three-quarter runs are not marked up on the score boards. Third base runs never raised a peasant. Third base is not a destination, but the last little way station on the road home. It is better not to run at all than to run to third and "die." The 18,000 spectators that kept ominously silent at that moment could be changed into a vortex of cheering hero-worshippers or into an animated groan by the kind of work a man did between third and "home." There is no time for self-gratulation on third. The question is how to get safely away from it. The man on second wants your place if he can get it, but if you get safely "home" no one can take that achievement from you. One way to get off third is to wait for some fellow to bat you off; another way is to get away on your own initiative and according to your own secret plan.

Moriarty was on third.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

It is 90 feet from third to home. Sometimes that 90 feet is a leaden mile, sometimes a mere patter of lightning-like steps. If it is a mile to you, you are a failure, and the great circle of spectators groan for your incompetency; if it is but a lightning streak, you are the great man of the baseball day. Moriarty was intent on dwindling that 90 feet instead of lengthening it. How many things converged in the few moments he stood there. He watched the signals of the Cleveland catcher—he gathered they meant a high ball. A high ball meant that the runner might duck low to the base while the catcher's hands were in the air after the ball. Moriarty knew, too, that a high ball required that the pitcher "wind up" his arm in a certain way. He knew also that pitchers have a way of "winding up" when they don't intend to throw the ball. More than that, he knew the pitcher in the box was left-handed and could not keep his eyes on third when "winding up." That was why Moriarty closely followed all

The war across the sea has so completely absorbed the interest of the public that many things have gone begging for attention. Baseball is not among these. As the end of the season draws near we are glad to reprint this editorial from the Detroit "News."—THE EDITOR.

the strange little signals pitcher and catcher were making. There was another consideration, too—Mullin was up to bat. Moriarty knew that Mullin has a batting average of something like .250, which means that Mullin hits safely about once in four times at bat. Would the ball about to be thrown be one of the hit, or one of the missed? No human calculation could even guess at it. If Mullin missed, it would be useless for Moriarty to run. If Mullin hit, there were still chances of his being put out.



"Christy" Matthewson, the ideal of American baseball-dom, who has scored as a man of sterling character as well as a mighty pitcher.

at first, making Moriarty's run wholly uncounted and ending the inning. There was only one thing to do—make home between the time the pitcher "wound up" his arm past all recall and the time the ball landed in the catcher's glove—make home in the second of time when Mullin's hit or miss hung in futurity. It was to be a contest in speed between a five-ounce ball delivered with all the force of a superb pitching arm and the 170-pound body of Moriarty. An unequal contest at that, for the five-ounce ball travels only 60 feet while the runner from third must hurl his body over a distance of 90 feet. All these considerations are in the mind of Moriarty. He builds up his prospective run as an engineer builds a bridge over a torrent, step by step with infinite pains. Now the Cleveland pitcher is "winding up" his arm—round and round it swings—he poises himself—there is yet a fraction of a second in which he can recall his intended throw—Moriarty is crouched like a tiger about to spring—Now! Now! There is a white streak across the field!

A cloud of dust at the home plate!

The umpire stands with his hands extended, palms downward.

A bursting roar of acclaim echoes and re-echoes across the space of the park. Again and again it bursts forth in thrilling, electric power. Thirty-six thousand eyes strain toward the man who is slapping the dust from his white uniform.

Moriarty is home!

IN THE GAME OF LIFE.

All the world's a baseball diamond. You are one of the players. Perhaps you have reached first by your own efforts. It may be that the sacrifices of your parents or friends have enabled you to reach second. Then on someone's "long fly" into the business world—a "fly" that was not "long" enough to fluke on the rules of simple morality and square dealing, you have advanced to third. The opposition against you at third is stronger than at either first or second. At third you are to be reckoned with. Your opponents converge all their attention on you. Pitchers and catchers, coaches and opposing fans, are watching to tip off your plans and frustrate them. From third you become either a splendid success or a dismal failure.

Don't die on third!

What are you doing to win the score that life is ready to mark up against your name? Third base has no laurels on which you can rest. What are you doing on third? Are you waiting for someone to "bat you in?" Suppose he misses; his miss is yours, too. If you place all your dependence on someone else, his failure spells yours. What are you doing on third—waiting for "something to turn up?" Don't—nothing turns up, but the thumbs of the thousands of men who watch you may turn down, and make you a permanent failure. Moriarty wouldn't have scored had he waited, for Mullin didn't hit the ball—and that run was absolutely necessary to save the game. That run was gained in an unmeasurable fraction of time, but the difference between success and failure is very, very often measured in seconds.

DON'T DIE ON THIRD.

Had Moriarty been out the night before, he would have played the game according to routine; but Moriarty doesn't carouse. He doesn't smoke or drink. He is old-fashioned enough to go to church on Sunday. He knows that a clean life means a clear head. He knows that legs that tread the path of irregularity cannot win when running 90 feet against a swift ball that travels 60 feet. He respects his body and his mind, and they in turn serve him up to the last fraction of their power. Moriarty's run was not a foolhardy dash. It wasn't a toss-up with luck. It was deliberate, mathematical work. Any fool could have led off spectacularly, but only a trained body and an alert mind could have stolen home right under the nose of the catcher whose hands were closing over the ball. Even a game means work. Work itself is a game and has its rules as its sudden openings. So, don't die on third. Bring to third every bit of your honest strength; study conditions; postpone thinking of your luck until you hear the umpire call "safe."

THEN YOU'LL SCORE ALL RIGHT.



THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

EDITORIAL

HOME AGAIN.

AUTUMN is the time of home-coming. Many people go away in the summer, for long or shorter times of rest and recreation. Perhaps the proportion of those who can join the number of actual vacationists is small. Many are unable to get more than a few fragments of rest time in the round of the year. But we usually think of the summer as the time when people are away on some sort of recreation. But the autumn brings them back again to the serious business of the year.

And there is deep satisfaction in such a return to the definite program of work.

Some are coming back from efforts to visit Europe. They are probably the most thankful of all to be home again, safe after the dangers and hardships to which this tragic year has exposed all foreign travelers.

Some are returning from summer homes, or vacation trips to mountain or seaside. They too are glad to be back. Nature has given them of her best in sunshine, wind and rain, and they are fitter for the daily business of living and working.

And some have had but a brief and hurried chance to mend the wear and breakage of the year with a few days of rest and change.

But all of us come back to our work with gladness. We are glad that we have the work to do, glad that the autumn brings us some freshness of spirit for daily duties, glad that we have a chance during the coming months to do the best work of our lives.

These are the gifts of God to all who, like Himself, are working in the big and busy world.

FAINT PRAISE.

IN HIS personal department in the Christian Evangelist Dr. J. H. Garrison devotes some space to a kindly report of a sermon preached by Dr. Willett at Pentwater, Mich., during vacation days, and is led into certain reflections on the interesting and conspicuous career of Dr. Willett, whose "winsome personality, fluent speech and wide scholarship make him a favorite in any public assembly." Dr. Garrison calls him "the leader, we might say, of a group of men at Chicago, and some of them elsewhere, against whom there is a great deal of feeling by a large number of brethren." And he goes on to say:

Personally, we are not in agreement with some of the teaching of these men, of whom Dr. Willett is the least radical. But, from our point of view, they are our brethren, and we intend to love them and treat them as such. There must be room among us for men of widely differing opinions.

Our purpose in quoting Dr. Garrison's amiable appreciation of our Chicago colleague is chiefly to supplement what seem to us the insufficient descriptives he uses: "winsome personality, fluent speech and wide scholarship." Those who have known Dr. Willett intimately during these twenty years of which Dr. Garrison writes, have learned to conceive him in other terms than these rather accidental and surface qualities. His fluency, his winsomeness and his scholarship are lost sight of in the steady and increasing disclosure of the moral poise and spiritual depth of his personal life. His untemptable loyalty to the highest ideals of the Disciples of Christ, through years of unholy misrepresentation, has left a rich deposit of grace in his soul.

There are many among us who believe that the spiritual personality of H. L. Willett is one of the best gifts God has sent the Disciples of Christ in this generation. That the well-known organized conspiracy against his orthodoxy as a religious teacher could have so far succeeded as to give Dr. Garrison occasion not only to say that there is "a great deal of feeling against him by a large number of brethren," but to speak patronizingly himself, is a moral fact for which our brotherhood will have to render an account long before the day of judgment.

THE ARMY OF YOUTH.

ALL through September we have watched with keen interest the boys and girls as they have taken up afresh the big enterprise of education. Every morning the streets are full of the children going to school. Every afternoon, though not at so precise an hour, they pour out of the school buildings for the return. They go and come in all manner of ways.

Many of them in the cities go regularly in automobiles or electrics. In front of some schools the machines are packed by the scores. We confess to an amused sense of misplaced values when we see children who ought to walk, both for exercise and for the cultivation of democracy, carried three or four blocks to school. Not infrequently it is the cheapest boy or girl, when judged by the standards of value and efficiency, who goes in the most expensive car.

Then there is the street car multitude, who fill every seat, and afford such interesting experiences to older people by their eager, absorbed, high-pitched conversation, which quite frankly admits the public to all the academic, athletic and social secrets of school life.

And then the still larger army of those who throng the pavements, hurrying along with the joy and interest of young life to the work and pleasure of the day.

There is a tonic in this daily sight of the children. Teachers ought never to grow old. They have their hard work, and their host of perplexing problems, to be sure. But they have youth with them in never-failing abundance, and something of this enthusiasm and ageless buoyancy is theirs.

And even the man on the street must catch something of the contagious vitality of this never-ending army of youth.

ALLEGED FACT AND THE FACT.

AN ALMOST wanton disregard for facts characterizes an editorial in a contemporary Disciple newspaper on the subject of receiving the unimmersed into our churches. We refer to but one instance out of many in the article:

We do know a few churches among us that have adopted the open membership plan, with the inevitable consequence of division rather than union. Such churches have driven out far more members than they have taken in, as a result of such a practice. This is Christian union with a vengeance!

Over against this statement we would place a single letter out of many scores of unpublished letters received since The Christian Century's recent questionnaire on this subject was closed. It is from Mr. C. M. Morris, a business man of Denver, a member of Central Church of which Rev. G. B. Van Arsdall is pastor. Mr. Morris says:

If California convention was right in excommunicating Berkeley church then many other churches in various states should also be excommunicated. Right here in Colorado our two leading churches have been receiving the unimmersed into fellowship—only we call them "associate members." We explain to these members that we teach and practice immersion and that we hope some day they will come into fuller obedience to the Master. Then they are treated as any other member of the church. Fully 80 per cent of the members so received are later immersed. So if the Northern California convention was right in its action, the Colorado convention should excommunicate the Central and South Broadway Christian churches of Denver. If I remember correctly, Dr. B. B. Tylor was the first minister in our brotherhood to receive the unimmersed into fellowship. In this he was soon followed by Dr. W. B. Craig, pastor of Denver Central. The plan was presented to the local church and was approved without a dissenting vote. Perhaps the fact that the church papers did not start a row will account for the peacefulness and unanimity of the local situation. The churches have continued the practice, even though pastors have changed. Now if the Northern California convention was right then Dr. Tyler and Dr. Craig should be turned out, as they started the practice years before the present agitation. In fact, to be consistent, all of the ministers, churches and laymen that defend the practice should also be excommunicated.

To my mind the whole matter is a question of church liberty in local practice, and the greatest danger of all is in using the Berkeley incident to create division and discord in the ranks of a people whose



chief apologetic is Christian union. So long as some of our preachers consider it a greater victory to immerse a Presbyterian than it is to convert a sinner, we must expect bitter things to be said of our other preachers who insist on treating their religious neighbors as Christian people. Our churches must continue to use their judgment on local matters regardless of outside pressure.—C. M. MORRIS.

The telling point Mr. Morris makes—that whatever disturbance in a local church attends the adoption of the more generous practice is caused by meddling from outside, especially by certain church newspapers—fits the case precisely.

The attempt of the editor quoted above, to inflame a very small minority in the Berkeley, Cal., church into bringing suit against the congregation for possession of the property is the root-beginning of the whole controversy on the Pacific Coast.

Had he given more Christian advice, or refused to meddle at all, the Berkeley and California Disciples would have solved their problem in peace and love.

DR. MATHEWS AND DR. AINSLIE.

SPEAKING for the Baptists on the question of immersion, Dr. Shailer Mathews agrees with Dr. Peter Ainslie, who speaks for the Disciples, in the October issue of the Christian Union Quarterly. Dr. Mathews in setting forth the position of the Baptists on various subjects concludes thus:

Their insistence upon immersion as the only mode of baptism results from their general positive relation to the New Testament, but historically and in view of the practices of English Baptists it is of less importance than the other positions.

Dr. Ainslie points out that "baptism by immersion has figured but little in the divisions of the church and will doubtless likewise figure but little in its unity." He continues:

The Baptists did not become a separate people because of their practice of baptism by immersion; neither did the Disciples. The Baptists opposed infant baptism and for a long period practiced the baptism of adults by sprinkling. Their plea was for a regenerate church membership. In the origin of the Disciples baptism by immersion did not figure at all, and when Thomas Campbell was brought face to face with it he was greatly disturbed. Their plea was for the union of the divided house of Christ.

As usual, Dr. Ainslie's point of view is not only right but illuminating. Any movement for Christian unity that makes the re-baptism of Christendom a pre-condition of its success is as hopeless as it is impertinent.

That the Disciples did not in their origin and essential ideals have any such purpose is a most important bit of knowledge yet to be grasped by many Disciples themselves, and by most of their fellow Christians in the denominations.

We Disciples are today coming to see that the practice of Christian unity and the practice of baptism by immersion are not mutually exclusive practices: it is the insistence upon what Dr. Ainslie rightly calls re-baptism that is irreconcilable with the practice of Christian unity.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

NOT quite a year ago a Boston newspaper employed one Knowles to undertake an experiment in primitive living. He lived for several weeks, as he affirms, in the Maine woods naked, and such as he procured with his own unaided exertions. The paper which employed him published photo reproductions of his letters sent out on birch bark, and written with a charred stick. He built a hut, he dug a pit in which he caught a bear. He killed the bear with a club, and wore his skin. He matched the intelligence of civilized man against the skill and cunning of primitive man, and proved that civilization has not weakened modern man beyond the capacity to enter the woods naked and meet all enemies from the mosquito to the bear, and to endure heat and cold and come out clothed and none the worse for the experiment.

But now comes a Maine guide, and in another paper declares that Knowles never slept a night in the open, that he wore his clothing, and bought the bear skin, and had a rifle, and built

a fire with matches, and from beginning to end depended on the resources of civilization, plus an experienced guide. The two papers support their respective correspondents.

The guide is untruthful, in any event, for he helped with the hoax if there was a hoax. But it is alleged that the other man also prevaricated. The burden is upon him to show that he is not another Doctor Cook. It would be interesting to know just how such an experiment would result if honestly lived up to, but the results are worse than worthless, when they appear to be fraudulent.

It is difficult for a man who has lived in civilization to face honestly and willingly the conditions of primitive man. It could be done, and we believe successfully, but it should be done honestly if at all.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

THE past week has witnessed the opening of the university for the autumn quarter. It promises to be the most important year in the history of the institution. An increase in the number of students is expected each year. But this year several causes combine to swell the enrollment. The severe industrial conditions which make living so expensive naturally thwart many educational plans. But on the other hand, they help to create a deeper spirit of seriousness, which turns an increasing number of young people to an educational career.

Both in numbers and in quality the student body is said to be the most satisfactory in many years. Then, too, the impossibility of going abroad for graduate work in present circumstances has turned a very large number of advanced students to American universities for courses which they now discover are as competent as any that can be secured abroad.

Two buildings are approaching completion, the Classical and the Geological. President and Mrs. Judson are now on the Pacific, on their journey home from the Orient. The attendance in the Divinity School is the largest ever recorded. The membership of the Disciples' Divinity House will reach twenty this quarter. Plans for the new buildings of the Divinity House have been drawn and the campaign for funds is being taken up with fresh aggressiveness.

JUST WHERE IS THE CONNECTION?

SHALL our Churches Fellowship the Unimmersed?" is the brave and hopeful title set over an editorial in one of our Disciple newspapers. On reading the article, however, one has the feeling that there has been a printer's mistake somewhere, for the article appears to have no connection with the title.

One paragraph does declare plainly enough that our churches decidedly ought not receive such persons into our fellowship and says that such a practice would be unscriptural, but there is no Scripture reference given forbidding our having fellowship in our churches with any of those whom Christ has fellowship with in His Church. The rest of the article is taken up with reaffirming the well-known and indisputable position of the Disciples on the practice of baptism by immersion, a position which advocates of full Christian fellowship subscribe to as ardently as do the advocates of a restricted fellowship. The closing paragraph reads as follows:

The Disciples of Christ will continue in the practice of the ordinance of Christian baptism in the manner exemplified by our Lord and taught and approved by his inspired apostles. In so far as they are loyal to the divine teachings on Christian baptism and all other subjects they will be used of God and honored by their brethren of all the religious denominations.

To this statement there is not a Disciple of Christ within range of our knowledge who will not say amen. If the title had been worded, "Shall our churches abandon or modify their customary practice of baptism by immersion?" the editorial would have been pertinent and altogether convincing.

But who will help us to see any relation between the question asked and the article that assumes to be an answer to it?

The Larger Christian World

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERDENOMINATIONAL ACQUAINTANCE.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones on the War.

An adjustment that will bring a higher brotherhood when the warring nations of Europe have laid down their arms was predicted last week by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, in his sermon in All Souls' Church, Abraham Lincoln Center. It was Mr. Jones' first sermon since the beginning of hostilities. Pointing to the fallacy of armed force, Mr. Jones said: "Civilization now is reaping the whirlwind from the winds of violence and brute force it has been sowing with such lavish hand and cultivating with such misguided skill. But 'after the whirlwind came the still, small voice.' Let us listen for the small voice which already is being heard by the thoughtful, in the tears of widows and orphans, tinting with shame the cheeks of emperors and kings, generals and cabinet officers. If thrones can be undermined in no other way, if kings in their arrogance can be shorn of their power in no other way, if crowns can be ground into fertilizing dust in no other way, then let Europe cry, with King Lear, 'Blow, wind, and crack your cheek! Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world! I tax not you elements with unkindness;' but the two pernicious daughters, lust of gold and faith in physical force, who have joined in high engendered battles against democracy, reason, justice. Let us pray that this may be the Armageddon fight to prove once and forever the cursed fallacy that hopes to promote peace with instruments of wrath, to cultivate brotherhood with battleships and bombs. Let us seek not more guns but more legislation that renders guns unnecessary. Civilization has reached the end of horns and fangs, claws and hoofs. The philosophy of might has broken down. The warrior is a hated and hateful creature. Let the legislator, the diplomat and philanthropist have their innings. Let religion be heard."

Dean Sumner on "Christmas Ship."

"Christian churches and Christian men and women should co-operate to the fullest extent of their abilities in making the Christmas ship a messenger such as Europe will never forget." This is the keynote of a statement made last week by Walter T. Sumner, Episcopalian churchman and reformer of Chicago, concerning the Christmas ship, already mentioned in the Christian Century. "The ideals of human brotherhood and Christian service find beautiful expression in this ship which is to carry Christmas happiness from the children of one nation to the children of other nations," Dean Sumner said. "It is an opportunity which Americans cannot afford to overlook. For there is in it a moral cement, which is bound to bind the American nation into closer bonds of sympathy and understanding with the nations across the sea. The dream of universal peace never seemed farther from actual realization than it does in the present day of almost world-wide war. Yet it is a dream which some day will come true. And no movement in modern times has been better calculated to hasten that day than has this movement. To me it seems like a great beneficent Providence stretching its hands across the sea to relieve the sufferings, bind the wounds and minister to the

hunger of a struggling, unhappy people. However the supreme beauty of the proposition lies in this—that it is being done in the name of little children—the children of America. What a beautiful and fraternal conception those words will come to mean to those whom they have helped when help most was needed! Churches and religious organizations of all kinds should throw the full force of their influence behind the Christmas ship, for it is the material embodiment of the ideals upon which churches and Christians stand. Human brotherhood—the love of man for man, the love which knows no bounds of race, religion, nation or creed—what more beautiful expression could there be in a time of cataclysmic war



Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, evangelist, who has gone to London to minister to English soldiers.

than that? There is another phase to the project which should appeal to parents, teachers and ministers—to every one who has the interest of American children at heart. It is this—that, in working for the Christmas ship, American children will be putting into active practice the ideals of selfless human service and sacrifice for which Christ gave his life nineteen centuries ago."

Dr. Chapman to Preach to Soldiers.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur J. Chapman have sailed from New York City for London. Rev. Ralph Norton, director of personal work, who has been with Dr. Chapman for several years, went with them. Dr. Chapman went abroad at the invitation of a committee in London, and he will hold evangelistic meetings for two weeks in that city in a hall adjoining the main recruiting station for the English army. His ministry is to be mainly to young soldiers. If circumstances prove favorable, Dr. Chapman will be invited to extend the work one or two weeks longer.

A Moslem "Youths' Companion."

One of the excellent plans which Rev. S. Van R. Trowbridge, who sails this month for Algiers to take up his work among Moslem children, hopes to realize is the publication of a paper for boys and girls, similar to the Youths' Companion or the American Boy. It is his purpose

to produce the paper first in English. It is then to be translated into the various languages throughout the Moslem world and published by the mission presses in the several localities.

Dan Crawford in New Zealand.

Dan Crawford's tour of New Zealand has been a triumphal procession according to reports. In practically every city he visited, the "lord mayor" came out to greet him, and at Wellington, capital of the dominion, the prime minister, W. F. Massey, welcomed him officially. The men's mass meeting which heard Mr. Crawford speak on his African work in that city is said to have been ranked with the greatest gatherings Wellington ever saw.

Religious Tract Society Report.

The Religious Tract Society of England recently issued its 115th annual report. Its total annual circulation of books and tracts in 277 languages and dialects is over 65,000,000 copies. These publications vary from a leaflet to a complete commentary on the Scriptures.

Gipsy Smith's Son in Philadelphia.

The Presbyterian ministers of Philadelphia listened, September 21, to an interesting talk from Albany Smith, a student for the ministry in Crozer Seminary and a son of the noted evangelist Gipsy Smith. He gave an account of the ignorance of his father and grandfather previous to their conversion and subsequent Christian work.

St. Louis in Modern Move.

The public school buildings of the city have been thrown open after school hours to the free use of organizations and neighborhood gatherings. A movement has been inaugurated by the civic league to cause the public in general to use them for lectures, concerts, socials and the meetings of civic and improvement societies. Two buildings have been selected by the league because of the expressed desire of the residents nearby to use the schools for neighborhood activities. This movement is calculated to relieve the churches of much institutional work in congested districts.

Morals in Chinese Education.

Under the caption "Will Teach Morals in Chinese Schools" the Philadelphia Public Ledger of August 3 devoted a column to an account of the system of religious training of education, Mr. Tan Hua-lung, for the public schools of the Chinese Republic. "Mr. Tang," says the Ledger, "holds that morality and right living are as much a part of the educational equipment of China's youth as are mathematics, reading and writing. He has approved a plan which, without interfering with the constitutional declaration assuring complete religious liberty and freedom of belief in the Chinese republic, will admit as part of the curriculum in the primary schools principles of morality and right living enunciated by China's great sage, Confucius, and essential Christian principles." This is only a step, but it is a step in the right direction.

Of Human Interest

Kaiser Sees End of Monarchism.

In looking over his papers Carl T. Wettstein, of Milwaukee, finds an interesting paragraph clipped from an eastern paper, published some years ago. At the present time this utterance of William II will, no doubt, be of great interest. Mr. Wettstein writes for the Christian Advocate:

"My son will be the last of the emperors. This is why I am bringing him up as I was brought up—under firm discipline. He must be a credit to the house of Hohenzollern and to the thrones that, after him, will cease to be."

Mr. Wettstein remarks:

"Emperor William thus expressed himself to the historian, Karl von Kroon, in a recent talk following his inspection of the Berlin School of History and Literature. His majesty predicted that the end of monarchism is in sight. 'All the world will be republican within fifty years,' he said. 'Germany will be the last of the empires. It is inevitable.'"

"When we read these utterances of the Kaiser in the light of the present European war, we think that this prophecy of William II will be fulfilled sooner than he expected. As things look now in the seats of war, the result may be, although we do not wish it, that the present Crown Prince will never be Emperor and that this war will be the end of the German empire."

"William II certainly is the greatest ruler in Europe, and his intentions and actions are honest; this we firmly believe. But he certainly made the greatest mistake of his life when he did not try to prevent this terrible war, which, we think, he could have done."

Wesley's Prayer-room.

City Road Chapel is the historical church of Methodism—a sort of Wesley Westminster Abbey, says a writer in the Christian Advocate. At the south side stands the Wesley House, where John Wesley took up his residence at the age of seventy-six. The second floor is open as a museum. The front room was used by Mr. Wesley as a study. In the rear was his bedroom, and opening out of this a little chamber eight feet two inches by six feet nine inches. A very little room it is. But it was the power-house of Methodism. A marble slab under the mantel tells its story: "This little room is the place where Wesley retired for prayer." This little prayer room is as eloquent an insight into his life as was Daniel's upper chamber with the window open toward Jerusalem an index to the character of that worthy. It is more—here is the secret of Methodism's wonderful triumphs, for Methodism was made by such prayers as were offered in this little room. Wesley's prayer-room is a sanctuary calling us to the too often neglected practice of prayer. How we need just such prayer-rooms in our homes, our churches, our hearts—the quiet time and place where one may go to be alone with God! "In quietness and in confidence shall be thy strength."

Wesley knew the value of such a sanctuary, for he had been with the Master, and learned of him: "When thou prayest enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall recompense thee."

"Begin the day with God: he is thy sun and day,

He is the radiance of thy dawn, to him address thy lay;

Thy first transactions be with God himself above:

So shall thy business prosper, and all thy day be love."

Wrote "The Human Slaughter-house."

"A peril to public safety," "an hysterical neuropath," "a socialistic-anarchic revolutionary," "a cowardly weakling," "an imported alien draining the marrow of patriotic backbone," were some of the compliments showered by the German press on Wilhelm Lamszus after the publication of "The Human Slaughter-house," which is making such a deep impression on American readers. For a German schoolmaster to write a book "with a tendency to strip the pomp and circumstance of war of its traditional glamour—an integral factor in the German educational system—must, in the eyes of the authorities, have savored of an unholy alliance between blasphemy and high treason. As a matter of fact, the author, far from being physically a weakling, is a trained gymnast, given to athletic exercises. He has also had sufficient medical training to insure that he is not of the nerveless type that faints at the first sight of blood; yet he writes of war with a shudder that the reader can feel in every line. His is not the protest of the weakling, but the revolt of the spirit of humanity, the spirit of progress and evolution, against the cumulative horror of the mechanics of modern warfare. "For just as there is no room for the uncouth masters of primeval times on the green today, so little will a nation of Krupp's steel plates be able to continue to live in the community of civilized nations."

"Stonewall's" Most Important Order.

Perhaps the most important order that "Stonewall" Jackson ever issued—certainly the most vital to himself—is not in the official war records. The order was given in person by Jackson to a northern artillery officer as he stood, in full uniform, ready for battle beside his gun, and—strangest of all!—was at once executed by him, with the result that the battle was lost by the Union arms.

It was on a spring morning in 1862, just before the battle of Port Republic. Jackson, in advance of his troops, with only a single escort, galloped across the bridge over the Shenandoah River into the town, which stood on the east bank. Learning that the army of General Shields was still a good many miles away, and confident that his own troops would be in possession long before the enemy, he rode to a residence at the farther end of the village, where he spent nearly an hour.

But meantime the energetic Shields—whom Jackson later declared to be his most formidable opponent—had thrust forward a small, swift column to occupy Port Republic, seize the bridge, and halt Jackson's advance. So rapidly did it move that it gained both objects without firing a shot. More than that, Jackson was a prisoner—if anyone had known it!

Jackson, in utter ignorance of the disastrous change, mounted his horse, and ambled down the main street to the

bridge. What was his astonishment to see groups of soldiers—in blue!—busily moving to and fro about the bridgehead, and throwing up intrenchments and fortifications. Planted on a little knoll that commanded the bridge and its approaches, was a formidable field gun!

Fortunately for Jackson, the recent campaigns up and down the valley had faded both blue and gray uniforms into a nondescript drab. As Jackson sat on his horse and watched the busy scene, he formed his plan swiftly. He could not go back; he must cross that bridge; that was his only chance. It was the frowning field gun that he feared. He must put it out of commission long enough to get beyond its range. Throwing up his hand to attract attention, he shouted to the officer in command of the gun:

"What are you doing with that gun up there? I didn't order it there, and I don't want it there!" There was authority and petulance in his voice as he added, "Limber up, and run it over on that knob over there!"

The officer at the gun, thinking that he had to deal with some superior officer recently arrived, hastened to obey without question, explaining in self-defense that he had understood his orders otherwise.

Sitting on Little Sorrel while the Federal troops worked busily about him, Jackson calmly waited until the gun was lumbering off to its new position. Then he rode quietly across the bridge, and up the other bank until he was well out of musket range. Then he turned, waved his hand to the astonished Federals, and, putting spurs to his horse, galloped away from the rain of bullets that pattered harmlessly in the rear.

Had he been captured, the Confederate victory at Port Republic which he won a few hours later would not have happened; the able and energetic Shields would have defeated his troops, stunned by his loss.

A Bishop's Story.

An exchange tells an amusing story told by the Bishop of Yukon, who has been on a visit to this country.

He once made a long journey to visit a remote tribe of Indians, hardly any of whom had ever seen a white man before. One of the members of the expedition took with him a graphophone, thinking it would interest the Indians.

"It did! When it was set going they all gathered round it in wonder. They were rather frightened, but when the record was finished they crowded up to make a closer inspection."

Finally, an old chief, getting down on his knees, and peering into the trumpet whence the mysterious voice had come, muttered, "Where him come from?"

"Far, far away," was the reply, "from a place called Chicago."

"Ugh!" grunted the chief. "Tinned white man."

Mark Twain's Address.

Mark Twain once addressed an audience in the interest of his fellow-townsmen, Gen. Joseph Hawley, who was a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate, and said, in the course of a droll address: "Gen. Hawley deserves your support, although he has about as much influence in purifying the Senate as a bunch of flowers would have in sweetening a glue factory. But he's all right: he never would turn any poor beggar away from his door empty-handed. He always gives them something—almost without exception a letter of introduction to me, urging me to help them."

French Women and War

From the New York Evening Post

An appeal has gone out to the women of France from the Premier asking them to complete the work of gathering the crops left unfinished by the men who have been called to war.

"The wheat," says the Premier, "stands unreaped, and the time of vintage approaches. I appeal to your hardihood and to that of your children whose age alone, not their courage, withholds them from the fighting line. I ask you to maintain the life of our fields, to finish this year's harvest, and to prepare for that of the next year. You can not render a greater service to your country."

The part which women have played in times of war is many-sided. As nurses, as spies, even as common soldiers, they have borne their share of the burden, and none more courageously than the European peasant women, who have safeguarded the welfare of the nation by their work in the fields.

To one familiar with peasant life of France, the Premier's appeal calls up a vivid picture of grain ready for the harvest of peasant women in vari-colored costumes working from morning till night to secure for France the wealth which the fields will yield. It is work which is not described at length in war bulletins, and which is yet of such importance that it affects the very roots of the nation's life. For on the work of these women largely depends the support of the army during the war, and even after it is over. The poverty which is sure to follow in the wake of war is somewhat lessened by the harvesting of the crops which the women's work has made possible.

A STORY FROM PARIS.

The following story from Paris is among the many bits of human interest reporting which have found their way into print during the last two weeks:

"A woman with four sons in the French army to-day walked slowly down the steps of one of the municipal offices where relatives are informed officially whether soldiers are dead, wounded or unreported. She was exceedingly white, but her emotion was greater than could be expressed in tears. A friend came up quickly and said:

"Have you good news? I am so glad my Jean is safe."

"Yes, they are all safe," was the reply. "They are safe in the arms of the Father. I am proud to give all to the cause."

The widow's mite has been a figure of speech for many centuries. The mother's all is a greater matter, yet this French woman is typical rather than exceptional. When "the surly drums beat terrible afar" mothers are willing to give their sons to their country, and women who are not mothers wish they had sons to give. No sacrifice is made with higher spirit and calmer heart than those made by mothers upon the blood-stained altars of Mars. The heroism of men who are willing to charge into the teeth of a storm of bullets is tawdry and vain compared with that of mothers who give their sons and turn back from the stimulating scenes of preparation—the glitter of the gold braid, the gleam of steel, the blood-stirring martial music, the thunder of marching legions—to wait in a deserted home for the news that may bring mourning.

WOMEN IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Earlier, in the days of the revolution, the French women took an active part. The famous march of the women on Versailles was led by a young girl. She seized a drum and beat at the general assembly, and as the crowds of women poured out to follow her lead they were joined by others from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, and a contingent of women who had been harangued by a woman in the Palais Royal. Theroigne de Mericourt, who was called "The Amazon of Liege," joined the crowd, and mounted upon a cannon, was dragged along by the excited crowd toward Versailles.

Later in the revolution, it was the market women and their sisters of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, who formed themselves into Amazon brigades. They were great, sturdy women, and acted as prison guards during the war, even escorting the prisoners to the guillotine. They wore a uniform consisting of a short skirt—striped blue, white, and red—sabots on their feet, and the red Phry-

gian cap, afterwards called the Liberty cap, trimmed with a red, white and blue cockade. Each carried a baldric slung over her shoulder, supporting a cutlass.

Armed battalions of girls and women formed in the provinces, especially in the Dauphine, and were sworn to defend their country, and the tripartite principle of liberty, equality and fraternity.

So it is that women have borne their part when war was inevitable, both in the harvest fields and in the field of battle. Today, they show themselves ready to serve in many capacities, though there have been no reports as yet of their offering to enlist as soldiers.

A Paris dispatch to the Kansas City Star shows how the women in the capital responded to the first of war's demands on them. The dispatch reads:

"The women of Paris rose today to the emergency created by drafting the men of the city for the army. Society women took the place of men clerks in stores to sell necessities. Young girls sold tickets in the underground stations. Others acted as waiters in cafes. Grocery stores and meat shops were run by women. Small boys were put on as guards on the underground trains. The motormen are aged, gray-haired men, ineligible for service in the army. Paris enjoys the novelty of women doing men's work, and the women apparently do too. "The war has levelled all classes. French society women have taken into their homes the destitute wives and children of private soldiers, ordered to the front."

BIBLES FOR SOLDIERS

British naval and military associations are delivering Bibles to every man in the army and navy. They bear the following inscription written by Lord Roberts:

"I ask you to put your trust in God. He will watch over you and strengthen you. You will find in this little book guidance when you are in health, comfort when you are in sickness and strength when you are in adversities."

KEEP SWEET

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Then just keep sweet
With folks you meet,
And things that go awry:
And wear the white
A sunny smile.
And a twinkle in your eye.

Two Sonnets

BY IDA WITHERS HARRISON.

TO LEXINGTON. I.

Why do I love thee?—Nay, I hardly know
Where to begin. Is it because of pride
In pioneers, strong souls untrifled,
Who went to open paths, long days ago,
In western wilds, and face a strange foe?
Or in thy sons, who left thy streets to guide
A nation's fate, and whose great names abide
In history's page, as stars that steadfast glow?
Or is it, city fair, that as a queen,
Thou'st set on rounded uplands, where at ease
Vast flocks and herds feed on thy pastures green,
Or rest beneath the shade of stately trees?
No lovelier land can ever greet the eyes,
Than thine, that sleeps 'neath blue Kentucky skies.

TO LEXINGTON. II.

No!—"Tis not that thou art so richly blest
With fame and beauty, that thy people cling
To thee so tenderly. Truly, we sing
Thy old Kentucky homes, where love and rest
Are showered on the ever welcome guest;—
Where faithful hearts abound, remembering
Our woes with tears, and ever glad to bring
Smiles to our joys—where, in east or west,
Are found such homes, such friends! . . . And as I pace
Thy dear, familiar streets, I often dream
Of those who walked here with me in old days,
And times, there comes to me a sense supreme
Of presences unseen—the loved and lost,
Who now are numbered with the angel host.

A Duel of Song

A Breeze from the Pacific by Way of New Zealand.

BY DAN CRAWFORD.

HERE I am—can I believe my eyes?—in dear, delightful New Zealand! It seems all a dream! After leaving Vancouver, away we sailed south into the shining seas, until one day we struck the Sandwich Islands (modern name, Hawaii) where Captain Cook of immortal fame was killed and eaten. I did not know what was waiting me there till one day, far out at sea, the wireless Marconigrams came streaming into my cabin, one from the governor of the island, Governor Carter, and another from the great Dr. Doremus Souder inviting me to land and lecture for a month. All the messages wound up with the greatest word in the Pacific Ocean, "Aloha," which means far more than the English word, "welcome." It is the concentrated essence of all the warm, gracious ingredients that go to form a sweet, take-you-to-the-heart welcome. So I landed, and went plunge into Paradise for twenty-seven days. For here is a land that never, never varies, and all the year round—January to December—they have a temperature of 85 degrees. As climate is notoriously a formative factor in character, you can quite conceive that these glorious islanders smile all the year through. In fact, at last we have reached the land where the rhyme holds good:

"Miles, and miles, and miles
Of smiles and smiles, and smiles."

There is the famous Waikiki beach here—the greatest bay in the world; Venice and Durban (South Africa) come in a decent second; but hats off, all the world, to the primacy of the Pacific! There it was that I found hungry souls who knew all about the latest novels (for being islanders they are jealous of being "out of it.") I say that they knew all about every book except the Bible! So, starved with romance and philosophy, we put them on the good old diet of the brown bread of the kingdom of God. Then it was that you in Chicago and the rest of the United States were all forgotten for this is a little island, a mere dot in the Pacific, half way between America, Asia and Australia. We snapped our fingers at the whole lot of you and held on our shining way to the tune of an everlasting 85 degrees in the shade.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

Now off we go sailing through shining seas. Then my old friend, the Southern Cross, comes overhead and old friend salutes old friend. Then comes the next phase, four days south, the famous Fiji Islands, and not a patch on the Sandwich group. Here it was I casually rang up the missionary, Mr. Small. He at once set the phone bell ringing all over the island which eventuated in a great big meeting, the body of the church being filled with glorious Christian natives who, more or less, ran the meeting a la Fiji, intoning the hymns with that haunting, semi-negro, wholly Pacific intonation. Then I spoke with the result that they all planned secretly to accompany me down to the ship and sing me off in authentic apostolic manner. Little did I guess what was ahead for me at the wharf. It is quite a good parable of life down here so watch what happens.

First of all, we had the great big ship ablaze with are lamps, steam up and al-

most off. Lined up on the wharf was this strong native choir, with flashing eyes, singing out of the darkness, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." And there was I, with the whole crowd of my giddy fellow-passengers, leaning over the bulwarks. They were horribly embarrassed at this Sunday-go-to-meeting business rammed down their throats. The embarrassment was the more painful because some of them professed to go to church once in a blue moon. And there you have black, despised natives, brave enough to do a thing that the whites would rather die than do—I mean, sing God's hymns with parting prayers from a public wharf. Then came the most dramatic contrast. Down the wharf in the moonlight there comes a yelling, bawling band of young, clean-shaven colonials. They are nearly all dead-drunk and they too have come down (watch the contrast!) to sing off a departing pal.

A PROBLEM IN ETIQUETTE.

Watch now the amazing, the astounding problem in etiquette. My beautiful lined-up choir is first in position and therefore (surely!) the new arrivals, if they must sing their ribald songs will do so at the other end of the boat. Fair play's a duel. Nay, verily, they come reeling down, crowd in against the choir, yell like demons, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and all the time trying to drown even an echo of the poor old native choir. But the natives said, "Oh, here goes for the Holy War," so louder and louder the deep voice of the ex-cannibals was heard singing my parting hymn. The opposition camp, catching up the antagonism of the thing, yelled more loudly than before this, their second song, and being of the vaudeville type. Meantime, here are we all leaning over the bulwarks of our ship, amazed and maddened that our own white race could be guilty of such a dark, dirty deed. Even rank outsiders who would have nothing to do with religion, my fellow-passengers were overheard to say, "What dirty sneaks!" For days afterwards aboard ship that wharf-side picture (the white man trying to drown the native Christians' song of praise!) rankled, and nagged, and jagged at our souls. Even those who did not say it certainly thought that there you had it symbolized and exemplified—the horrid antagonism that the gospel has in all these islands. If only the white man at least hid his head in shame at the memory of his mother's God and his father's God, the gospel would have a better chance in these lands.

ONE.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

ONE Name before the world to wear,
One all-embracing Plea,
One mighty Hope for sin's despair,
One only Master—He!

The faiths of men have had their day;
Moses, Elijah, Paul
Have pointed to the better way,
And Christ is Lord of all.

Thus every other orb must fade
Before the perfect Sun
Who was before the world was made—
God's holy, righteous One.

AUCKLAND HARBOR.

Now, at last, at last, here comes the glorious Auckland Harbor. On the wharf my committee of godly men meet me to inform me that, in anticipation of my coming, a committee of godly men of all denominations have arranged my meetings in a highly systematized manner—the great town hall having been taken. To meet the dear friends here has been a wonderful joy. My heart was hungering for Christian fellowship after the long voyage. Tomorrow I leave, going South, where great arrangements have been made.

In Tasmania the Governor-General, Sir Ellis McCartney, is presiding at my meetings, while in Victoria the same thing is happening, the Governor-general being again to the front. For all of which I say: "God keep us humble in the dust that the shining name and fame of our Lord Jesus Christ might pierce the darkness. May he get unto himself the victory."

WOMAN COMMISSIONER STOPS PRISON MUTINY.

A short time ago there was an uprising among the 1,400 prisoners in the penitentiary in New York. The new "dope law" had gone into effect, and 500 men, deprived of their customary drug, were crazed. All eyes of the public were centered on Commissioner Katherine Davis. What would she do? Would she prove out? She then did a very simple thing. She moved into the penitentiary. She met the prisoners, personally, and listened to their individual grievances; she corrected a few injustices; she listened to 1,000 men give their ideas about how a prison should be run. In all the history of prisons no one ever heard of such a thing before. One man had so many ideas about kindness that she asked him to submit it in writing. The Commissioner gave the ideas to the newspapers, so that everyone might learn from the philosophy of a prisoner in the penitentiary.

Miss Davis is an all-round woman. There was no one to play the organ, so she played it herself; there was no one to lead the singing, so she led it herself. The following day 1,200 men went back to work; quiet and order were restored. It was the human note she sounded. Presently, the striped uniforms are to be abolished, and a decent suit of gray clothes substituted. Now she contemplates a self-governed prison with an honor system as an incentive to good behavior. When she appears she is greeted by the cheers of the prisoners. She has struck the human note in prison affairs, and it vibrates there as elsewhere.

Miss Davis wants the ballot, but she hasn't it. However, she believes she will have it after November, 1915, when the voters of New York State are to have a chance to go to the polls and vote it to all women of the Empire State.

Of Charles Wesley, Macauley, the historian of England, says: "He approached as near as human infirmity permits to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue." That is saying a good deal for a man, and yet it would take just such a man to write such a hymn of praise as the Dology.

Disciples Table Talk

Theory Versus Practice.

In a recent issue of *The Christian Century* it was reported that the Congregational and Presbyterian churches of Ottawa, Kans., were talking federation, but that the Disciples church would not co-operate. The good news comes that the two agreeing churches did not let this fly in the ointment of their good will prevent them from carrying out their plan. Articles recommending the means of federation have been prepared by a joint committee from both churches and await the ratification of the congregations. The move is not for union as both church bodies will retain their individuality, but there will be a joint governing body to control everything but creed and one pastor will preach to both congregations. The members will probably meet in the Presbyterian church.

Kentucky Bible Classes Celebrate.

Kentucky Bible classes from the cities of Winchester, Ky., 247 strong; Paris, with 100 men; North Middletown, Cane Ridge, Richmond and the classes from the local churches in the county, met at the Christian church at Mt. Sterling on September 27, as guests of the Hazelrigg Bible Class, of the Mt. Sterling church. Addresses were made on timely topics by men of prominence in these several communities. Among the speakers were: Mayor D. J. Burchett, of the Hazelrigg class; R. C. Prewitt, of the Winchester church; Rev. J. T. Sharrard, of the Paris church, and J. T. Coons, of the county churches. The regular class services were held, conducted by Rev. Clyde Darsie, of the Mt. Sterling church, and the communion service was served to more than 800 people. After the services at the church, which was crowded to its utmost, the guests were invited to the court house yard, where a dinner was served on the lawn.

Virginia Disciples Close Annual Session.

After a series of successful sessions, characterized by large attendance and great enthusiasm, the thirty-ninth annual convention of the Disciples of Christ in Virginia came to a close at Hanover Avenue Christian Church, Richmond, September 23. The convention will be held next year in Seventh Street Christian Church. Dr. G. W. Kemper was re-elected to head the state organization, and other officers were elected as follows: Frank W. Long, South Richmond, first vice-president; J. T. T. Hundley, Fredericksburg, second vice-president; Thomas Newman, Newport News, recording secretary; R. M. Kent, Treasurer; George S. Crenshaw, auditor and Treasure C. White, H. W. Ware and T. M. Hudley, associates. All of the sessions of the convention proved interesting and instructive and gave a great impetus to the work of the churches comprised in the convention. There were over 200 delegates in attendance.

H. L. Willett, Jr., Returns to Syria.

Herbert L. Willett, Jr., who spent about a month in this country during the summer, sailed for Naples, en route to Beirut, Syria, on the White Star ship, "Cretic," Sept. 27th, to resume his work in the Syrian Protestant College. It was at first thought that he would be unable to return, and advices from the college indicated the wisdom of remaining here until later in the season. But the growing sentiment in the Levant that neither Italy nor Turkey was likely to participate in the war at once led the college authorities to express the hope that he would try to make the journey out if he were willing to take the risk. The complete disarrangement of transportation facilities in the Mediterranean, and the dangers of many sorts to which one submits himself in attempting to reach the Syrian coast at this time, increase the risks to a disquieting degree. Several of the missionary boards are declining to send any of their workers to Turkey, considering the serious disturbances recently reported there.

However, there is good reason to hope that Mr. Willett may reach his post without too serious danger. We shall look for some interesting articles from him on conditions in Turkey, as soon as he is able to send them back.

Doings at Akron, O.

L. N. D. Wells, of High Street, Akron, O., writes that his church is sending a carload of its best people to the convention in Atlanta. Arrangements have been made for a special car clear through. Of recent achievements at Akron, Mr. Wells writes: We were privileged to address 1500 people last Sunday evening on "Your Booze or Your Business, Which?" The campaign in Ohio is warming up splendidly. Every preacher in Summit County will speak on



H. L. Willett, Jr., who has returned to his work in Syrian Protestant College, Beirut, Syria.

the evening of Nov. 1, on the booze question. This is two days before the election, and we hope for great results. We can only seat 1500 and are therefore excluding the women from this service. We are advertising in the newspapers, carding all the factories, etc. Expect to address at least 1,500 voters that night, and are preparing for an overflow to be held in the basement of our church. Charles Reign Scoville and his company have been unanimously invited to conduct a union evangelistic campaign in Akron, in the early part of the coming year. Every minister in the city of every denomination united most heartily in this call. A tabernacle, seating from eight to ten thousand, will be erected and we hope to shake the city profoundly with the simple gospel of Jesus Christ."

Roosevelt Will Smile.

The beaming faces of Orvis F. Jordan and C. C. Morrison, editor of *The Christian Century*, were easily explained when it was noticed in the city record of births, by the reporter for the "Century," that September 21 brought to Mr. Morrison's home a new and sprightly young lady, Helen Morrison, while September 26 added to Mr. Jordan's family circle one William David Jordan. And now comes a special from Akron, O., reporting the fact that L. N. D. Wells, pastor at High Street Church, determined that Illinois should not carry away all the honors, had taken his pen in hand and written into his family record the name of L. N. D. Wells, Jr., who arrived at the Akron manse on September 24.

Resolutions for R. H. Miller.

The following significant resolutions were passed by the ministers of Buffalo, N. Y., referring to the work of R. H. Miller, pas-

tor of the West Utica Street church at Buffalo, who is leaving this field to engage in the Men and Millions Campaign: "In accepting the resignation of Rev. Raphael Harwood Miller as a member of 'The Buffalo Ministers' Meeting' made necessary by his acceptance of an important position which will remove him from our city, we wish to express to him and to record, on our minutes, our appreciation of his worth as a man and his unusual gifts as a religious teacher. His papers, travel talks and discussions have been excelled by none at equalled by few. We also voice our admiration of his zeal and fidelity in caring for the youth of our city in the West Side and Central Young Men's Christian Association and in the community, inspiring them to relish Bible study. We do not wonder that a general demand among the churches of his own order sets him apart to gain recruits for the ministry and mission field. As he goes up and down the land, asking young men and women to enlist in the service of The Great Captain we believe that many will answer his vision and summons by saying 'Here am I; send me.' Mr. Miller, we, your associates, wish to assure you that you cannot travel so widely as to go beyond our thought and love; and we know that when some Samuel comes to you inquiring as to the meaning of strange voices calling in the night, you will perceive that the voice is God's and will instruct him to make answer 'Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth.' Signed: Frank S. Fitch, D.D., J. R. Logue, D.D., B. S. Ferrall, Secy."

Kansas City Church Builds Larger.

The congregation of Ivanhoe Park church, Kansas City, has voted to build a temporary frame addition to connect with the auditorium. This will afford a seating capacity for over 100 people and also relieve the overcrowded classes in the Bible-school.

Dr. Powell to Preach in Kansas City.

Dr. E. L. Powell, pastor of First Church, Louisville, Ky., will conduct a ten days' meeting beginning November 2, at the Wabash Avenue Christian church, Kansas City, Mo.

Miner vs. Preacher.

Suit has been brought in the Vermilion county, Ill., circuit court by Tony Blugies of Westville, for \$10,000 damages against J. F. Bickel, pastor of First Church, Danville, for alleged malicious prosecution. Last May when Louis Patmont's disappearance from Westville was causing such a stir, Blugies was arrested on a warrant sworn out by Mr. Bickel, charging him with the murder of Patmont. Blugies was kept in jail six days before he secured his release.

Home-Coming at Cedar Rapids.

September 20 was Home-Coming Day at First Church, Cedar Rapids, Ia., where Walter M. White ministers. Mr. White addressed a large congregation in First Church in the evening, at which time he preached a sermon especially to Coe college and other students now engaged in study in this city.

Pastor Not to Run for Congress.

It is reported that W. R. Motley, Prohibition candidate for Congress from the Sixth District, Indiana, is expected to withdraw from the ticket because he has accepted the pastorate of Central Church at Richmond.

Harvest Festival Near Greeley, Colo.

The S. L. W. Ranch church, the famous rural church on the Studebaker Ranch near Greeley, Colo., of which J. E. Lynn has been pastor for the past four years, held recently a Harvest Festival and Community Fair that was a splendid thing for the community. The festival was held at the S. L. W. Home, which is excellently equipped for such an event and which has been the scene of many festive gatherings. Prizes were offered for about sixty different displays of live stock, farm products, etc. Athletic contests of all sorts were carried on for the young people. The children were entertained on the spacious lawns by

story telling and games. Lectures on stock raising and stock judging were delivered by experts.

A band of twenty pieces furnished good music, booths of all sorts conducted by the various churches in the country round provided amusement and refreshment and meals were served by the ladies' organizations. There was an attendance estimated at one thousand people who came from many miles around. The leading Greeley Daily gave large space to reporting the event and devoted an editorial to the discussion of the S. L. W. Community spirit which this church has fostered and created. This church soon enters upon a ten weeks' church attendance campaign to be followed by evangelistic services.

At Bethany College.

To those who have been in touch with Bethany for years, the coming term appears to be one of the best yet, writes Frank Lappin, College reporter. One of the most promising things at the present time is the fact that there are more enrolled in the Ministerial Department than ever before. The Ministerial Association began operations a week ago with an enrollment of sixty young men. The Volunteer Mission Band also began activities last week with an enrollment of from twenty-five to thirty young people. This work is in charge of Miss Sarah Manzel, organizer of the C. W. B. M. in the state of West Virginia. Last Sunday was a good day for the Bethany church. Thirty-eight were received into the fellowship of the Church in morning and evening services. The new church is nearly under roof and it is expected to be ready for dedication by the first of next May. It is estimated that the church will have a seating capacity for eleven hundred persons. There are also twenty-three Sunday-school rooms available. This will be a great addition to the college as well as the town. The student body are entering into the work in the church with enthusiasm and the realization that there is much to be gained in such work with the association of such men as Dr. Morgan, Prof. Taylor, Prof. Finley and the many other efficient church-workers now at Bethany.

National Benevolent Association Prospers.

Ira M. Boswell, pastor of the First Christian Church of Chattanooga, Tenn., is to be the speaker for the National Benevolent Association at the Atlanta Convention. Mr. Boswell will speak upon "The Greater Works." He will speak out of an abundant experience in the application of the Gospel of the every day life in his own city. He helped to organize the Juvenile Court. He is chairman of the Hamilton County Colored Orphans' Association, and a member, by appointment, of the City Council of the Bureau of Municipal Research. The association has just closed the greatest year in its history, financially. The total receipts for the year were \$134,624.24, or nearly \$5,000 better than the Centennial year. This does not mean, however, that the association has plenty of money. The unusual high cost of living, the unparalleled amount of work which the association has done has, in spite of its large collections, left it pressed for funds. Its homes are full—its funds exhausted. It rejoices in being spent for the sake of others.

Union Meeting at Winfield, Kans.

Lincoln McConnell is with the Winfield, Kans., churches in union meeting which began October 4. Seven churches are uniting in perfect harmony, Presbyterian, Methodist, Free Methodist, United Brethren, Baptist, Grace Methodist, and Christian. A large tabernacle already has been built seating three thousand. This is in the heart of the city, and was filled on the first Sunday evening with a local speaker. The town has not had a union meeting since 1904, and is ripe for one, writes R. W. Gentry, Disciple pastor. The Christian church, at Winfield, numbers 418 members and is in perfect working shape, paid \$3,000 on debt last year, and have decided to raise \$1,000 of the remaining seven each year, with part of the first thousand already raised.

NO ALUM IN ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Secretary Corey Writes of Tokio

Being the Second Letter of the Commission of the Foreign Society to the Mission Field.

Our commission has enjoyed a delightful day in Tokyo with a group of the missionaries while the good ship was being coaled for the journey to Hongkong. We had hoped to spend a couple of days in conference with the missionaries at Karuizawa in the mountains, where they are taking a few weeks of rest and escape from the almost unbearable heat of Tokyo in August. Our ship, however, was taken over at Yokohama by the British Admiralty for war transport purposes, and we proceed to-

sailed along through the busy streets. The jinrikisha has wheels a trifle smaller than an ordinary buggy wheel, a neat little box with a seat for one, and two slender shafts between which the "ricksha" man runs. The wheels are rubber-tired, there are good springs, and the riding is very comfortable. A strange feeling of embarrassment comes over one at first because of the sensation of being pulled by a man instead of a horse. Muscular little fellows these human steeds are, with wonderful powers of endurance.

The shafts are dropped to the ground, one climbs in, the little man takes his place between the shafts, lifts them from the ground and makes off at top speed, dodging here and there for an opening as he makes his way rapidly through the crowded streets. At first one has very grave fears, especially if he is heavy, that an unexpected jolt may tip him over backwards, and suspend the "ricksha" man in the air between the shafts. All three members of the commission are rather above the average in avoirdupois, but Mr. Doan was the only one who came to grief. His runner was rather old, and became winded before the journey was half completed, thus necessitating transfer to another ricksha. The ricksha men are garbed in tight-fitting garments akin to undershirt and knee drawers, and their feet are shod with heavy socks having felt bottoms. The sock is always divided so that there is a place for the large toe separate from the others. A straw or fiber hat is worn which has the appearance in shape of an old-fashioned butter bowl inverted. These little men charge at the rate of about twenty cents an hour for their services.



Secretary S. J. Corey.

night direct to Hongkong, China, a British port. We will spend the month of November in Japan just before sailing for America.

We were met at the dock in Yokohama last evening by Mr. McCoy, Mr. Erskine, Miss Clawson, Miss Johnson and Miss Edith Parker, all of whom had come down from Karuizawa, to greet us and spend the day in conference and fellowship with us.

The brief but delightful day spent with these enthusiastic workers gave us a very happy introduction to Japan.

FIRST TASTE OF JAPANESE LIFE.

The missionaries were very anxious that we should catch a certain train for Tokyo, twenty-five miles away, and we occupied just eighteen minutes in reaching it from the dock. During this brief time we had our luggage examined in the customs house and traveled seven blocks. It was between the customs house and the train that we got our first real taste of Japanese life. We made the distance by means of the famous jinrikishas, or two wheeled carriages drawn by men. These little conveyances were invented by an American missionary years ago, and let no American boast that we had the first "Pull-man-car" for these are the original. There were eight of us all told, and we made a very interesting procession as we

The first impression of Tokyo is that you are in fairyland. Everything is decidedly different from anything else one has ever seen. In the first place the people are very small and then their clothing, appearance, houses and customs in general are so very foreign to anything seen at home. While there is a sprinkling of American clothes among the men, the great majority of them wear the favorite kimono or some adaptation of it. All of the women that you see on the street wear the kimono and a large colored sash high around the waist. One of the most striking things is the ceaseless, but musical, clatter of the wooden clogs on the pavement. The clog is kept up from one to two inches above the ground by little wooden strips on the under side. These clogs are usually held on the foot by slipping the toes under a small strap or cord, which is so divided that the great toe is separated from the rest. This enables them to hold the clog in the grip of the toes which is made possible by the division in the sock also. This is the hot season (exceedingly hot here) and each man or woman carries a fan which is in almost constant use. The dress of these people is very sensible and comfortable, and comports with the simple Japanese homes and the custom of sitting on the floor. We found the principal streets of Tokyo crowded with people at the evening time. The women and children are especially picturesque. Besides the

IN FAIRYLAND.

modern electric lights which are much used in Tokyo the little colored paper lanterns are in evidence everywhere on the streets. Even the policeman carries one in front of him, suspended from a little stick. He also carries a fan and has a dagger in his belt. Tokyo has good electric street car service, and it is here that the politeness and good nature of the people is most manifest. The conductor, instead of shouting: "Move up to the front!" says very gently: "It pains me to remind you, kind sir, but it would accommodate much if you could step slightly forward." When asking for the fare, he says: "Honorable sir, forgive me for taking your fare."

AT THE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

We stayed overnight at the Girls' School in Taakinogawa, one of the Tokyo suburbs, and were the guests of Misses Clawson and Parker. Much of today has been spent in conference and talking of the work. The insight we have received will aid us much in our later visit to Tokyo. We had no time to visit any of our other places of work in Tokyo, save the educational center. Disciples may well be proud of the equipment and workers in this important work. It is vacation time, and the students are all away, but we got a good idea of the grounds and buildings. Mr. McCoy is just finishing the Bible college building which stands very close to the old Governor Drake Building. This older structure will now be used entirely for the large Middle School, which is under the direction of our able Japanese, Dean Ishakawa. Mr. McCoy will continue in charge of the Bible College which will have excellent equipment in the new building. The new department of Domestic Science and music for the girls' school is also being completed. Miss Parker will have charge of this. It stands just opposite the Margaret K. Long Girls' School building. Miss Clawson has had charge of the girls' school from the beginning. It would be very difficult indeed to get utility at the very moderate price of these buildings. The workers are most enthusiastic over the outlook for their work, and are completely absorbed in their plans for the future.

This afternoon we have visited the great temple of the Goddess of Mercy in the heart of Tokyo, perhaps the most popular temple in all Japan. The temple is approached through a long temple street, crowded with little stores or bazaars on either side. This street is temple property and a great income comes from the rentals. Another street near at hand is also owned by the temple, and is entirely taken up by licensed houses of prostitution. The approach to the temple proper is made beneath one of the famous Japanese wooden arches. On either side of the gateway are the huge wooden guardian demons erected to keep the evil spirits away from the temple. These seem also to be looked upon as objects of worship. Inside the gateway the path is lined on either side with tiny booths, where rice and other grains are sold to be fed to the doves which are evident on all sides. It is supposed that much religious merit attaches itself to the feeding of the birds. The temple is anything but beautiful and the colorings are disappointing. The whole structure is dirty and spotted everywhere with the droppings of the doves.

A FAMOUS IDOL.

Inside the main part of the temple is the famous image of the Goddess of Mercy, which has been hidden from all eyes for two hundred years, it is said. We could see the sleek shaven priests, sitting cross-legged on the floor in the interior, smoking their cigarettes.

Numbers of people came constantly to worship before the shrine of the goddess. Before this place and every auxiliary Buddha, with which the temple is filled, is a great wooden collection box with wooden bars across the top. Into these boxes every visitor tosses a coin before beginning to worship. After this has been done, a low bow is made, while the hands are held in front of the face, palms together, and a prayer is muttered.

To the right of the main shrine is a peculiar idol which is one of the most worshipped in Japan. It is a wooden image of Buddha in a sitting posture. This image is supposed to have miraculous healing qualities and different parts of the body have been so constantly rubbed by worshipers desiring aid, that there is little left of them.

While we were standing near, a group of people came up and worshipped the idol. It seemed that the group consisted of a mother and four children, one of them a babe in arms. The place where the eyes of the idol had formerly been were rubbed by the mother, and then her hand pressed over the eyes of her babe. Then each member of the family selected some part of the image's body which corresponded to some troublesome part of their own and there was much rubbing and massaging. The pitiful superstition and depressing hopelessness of the whole scene cut one to the quick.

Let us not console ourselves with the thought that Japan is a wonderfully civilized nation, and scarcely needs Christianity. It is doubtful if there is any country in the world whose common people are more steeped in idolatry than those of Japan. The upper classes, especially the educated, are breaking away from their old idols, but the vast majority of these have taken no religion in the place of that given up.

STEPHEN J. COREY.

Tokyo, Japan, August 7, 1914.



Rev. L. G. Batman, of First Church, Youngstown, who is inviting the city's public men to occupy his pulpit once a month.

THE COMMISSION REACHES CHINA.

The Commission of the Foreign Society to the mission fields has reached China from the Philippine Islands. A cablegram dated September 26 from Shanghai, China, was received at the office of the Foreign Society, Cincinnati, Ohio, the same day, and it reads as follows:

"Have arrived. All well. China greatest opportunity in missionary history. Reinforcements imperative."

Our brotherhood will be prepared to receive this stirring message. They will also be thankful that no evil has befallen the Commission. There can be no question about the opportunity in China. Our people are vitally interested in that field. There is no doubt about the splendid open doors. And no question can be raised as to the pressing need for reinforcements. We ought to have ten missionaries in China where we now have one. As the Commission states, the need is indeed imperative.

This cablegram received on the eve of the National Convention ought to stir our brotherhood to make the Atlanta Convention a splendid success. Our people should pour in there by the thousands. They should lay wise plans for the furtherance of the gospel, not only in China, but throughout the world.

F. M. RAIXS, Secretary.

Ohio Church Hears Town Leaders.

The First Christian church, Youngstown, O., L. G. Batman, pastor, in arranging its program for the fall and winter has planned for a unique series of month-end services to be held on the last Sunday of each month. In the morning the pastor will speak especially to the members of the church, and in the evening the services will be under the direction of the Men's club of the church which is one of the most active men's organizations in the city. The president of the club, Attorney William Dornan, will preside at these special meetings. The purpose of these services is to have discussed from the pulpit some of the practical problems of the community life. The pastor and the church believes in the social message of the gospel, and that they have a mission to the practical every day life of the city. Many men, prominent in the public life of Youngstown, will be invited to address these evening audiences. At the first of these services the subject for discussion was "Forces in Youngstown Making for Evil." The speakers were Mayor F. A. Hartenstein, Prosecuting Attorney Andrew M. Henderson and Probation Officer Benjamin Morris.

Autumn at William Woods

October is a busy month at William Woods College, Fulton, Missouri, for the attendance this time is one of the largest in the history of the institution, and the corps of instructors have just gotten a couple of hundred young women well in hand for a year of study and companionship.

Outside, the college campus forms a pretty autumn picture as the maples and hickory trees commence to color and the blue grass of the sward grows velvety with the new rains, for the October month in Imperial Missouri is one of the grandest of the whole year.

There is a homelike charm to a school like William Woods and beside the music, art and expression, and the science, and the literary attainments, there is contentment. And the contented girl is always a happy girl.

WILLIAM WOODS COLLEGE

FULTON, MO.

(Owned outright and operated by the Christian Churches of Missouri.)

THE MEANING OF BAPTISM

By CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON

Editor of THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

J. B. BRINEY'S REVIEW. In The Christian Standard.

Such is the title of a book recently issued by the "Disciples Publication Society," and whose author is C. C. Morrison, editor of the Christian Century. To say that this book is remarkable, is to tell the plain truth. I have read and re-read it, and I must say, in all candor, that it contains more special pleading to the square inch than any other book that ever came to my notice, as will appear as this review proceeds.

The author first takes Mr. Campbell to task for translating *baptizo* "immerse" in "The Living Oracles," and expresses the opinion that but for this "fly in the ointment to pedobaptist readers," the book would have taken a conspicuous place among books of its kind. He thinks that both Baptists and disciples neglected the work on account of the "incongruity of the new rendering." As to the Baptists, this assumption is refuted by the fact that they have issued a New Testament in which they translate the word just as Mr. Campbell did; and the disciples had a very different reason for not using "The Living Oracles" in their reading and preaching, from that alleged by our author. They knew that they would have been accused of having a Bible of their own, as really was the case. As to pedobaptists, they could not accept the work without renouncing their time-honored custom, and prejudice would not allow them to do that. Our author's reasoning on this subject falls far short of the mark.

Our author seems to be laboring under the hallucination that he is doing pioneer work, and advancing new thoughts on "the meaning of baptism." Referring to affusionists, he says:

They had a vague idea of sprinkling, pouring and immersion being three modes of baptism, but not once did one of his (Campbell's) opponents formulate just what the thing itself was which they argued could be administered by a plurality of modes. Had they done so they could easily enough have thrown the immersionist champion into confusion. But so long as they sought to find "sprinkle" and "pour" as well as "immerse in *baptizo*" they were at his mercy.

This and other statements in the book show that the author's reading on the subject has been circumscribed and superficial. Mr. Rice, in his debate with Mr. Campbell, made and insisted upon the very distinction that Mr. Morrison says nobody ever made, as the following citations clearly show:

We are not contending that *baptizo* never signifies immerse, but that it does not definitely express mode (p. 80).

Let me here distinctly remark that I am not contending that the word *baptizo* definitely expresses pouring or sprinkling. I maintain that, as used in the Scriptures, it expresses the thing done—the application of water to a subject—but not the mode of doing it (p. 70).

So *baptizo* expresses the thing done, the application of water to a person or thing; but it does not express the mode of doing it (p. 238).

The truth is, baptism is a word appropriated to denote a religious ordinance; and it will not do to substitute in its

place any word which expresses merely the mode of its administration. The ordinance is one thing; the mode of administering it is another (p. 239).

Christian baptism is the ordinance by which we became visibly identified with Christ, receive the benefits of his death, and are bound more strongly to a life of holiness (p. 250).

I have proved another important fact: viz., that when immersion came to prevail among the Greeks and Latins, they employed *baptizo* to denote the ordinance, and selected other words to express the mode of performing it by immersion (p. 270).

Thus we see that seventy-one years ago, a good while before our author was born, the very thing that Mr. Morrison boldly says had never been done, was done repeatedly and with emphasis, for all the italics in the foregoing quotations are Mr. Rice's, and yet it did not throw "the immersionist champion into confusion." The person who has manifested the most confusion in the matter is our author, and he should wake up, rub his eyes, lay aside the weight of error that besets him, and try to at least join the rear of the procession of thought. Whether the distinction is valid or not, is a question by itself, and I do not care to consider it now.

In his fourth chapter, our author takes up what he calls Mr. Campbell's "three assumptions, upon which he builds his entire defense of the immersion dogma." The first one he states thus: "That a word always retains its root meaning in all its forms and in every context." Permit me to say that Mr. Campbell never made any such assumption, and our author fails to substantiate the assertion. Expressing astonishment at the statement, he quotes Mr. Campbell as follows:

According to the usages of all languages, ancient and modern, derivative words legally inherit the specific meaning of their natural progenitors, and never can so far alienate from themselves that particular significance as to indicate any action specifically different from that intimated in the parent stock.

There are some curious things about this quotation and its treatment. In the first place, no reference is given, and I can not be sure whence it was taken. All the language quoted is contained in the Campbell-Rice debate, but if that was the source of it, a very important modifying clause is omitted without any intimation of its omission. Between the words "specific" and "meaning" in the foregoing excerpt, the original contains the following modifying language: "Though not necessarily the figurative." That modification utterly overturns Mr. Morrison's asseveration concerning Mr. Campbell's assumption. If the quotation was taken from the aforesaid debate, a grave sin was committed in the omission of the clause just cited; and if it was taken from some other source, and is fully quoted, our author should have been well enough informed to know that it does not fully express Mr. Campbell's position. No one is competent to correctly represent Mr. Campbell on the subject of baptism without great familiarity with his debate with Mr. Rice, for he explained himself more carefully and fully in that debate than anywhere else. If our author did not com-

mit an offense against morals in making his quotation, he manifested a lack of information on the subject that disqualifies him for acting the part of a critic in regard to Mr. Campbell's position.

Furthermore, our author wholly ignores Mr. Campbell's viewpoint, and fails to note the class of words with which the great philologist is dealing. The sage of Bethany is discussing derivative verbs that express action, and confines his principle to that class of words. In his effort to show Mr. Campbell to be wrong, Mr. Morrison takes two words—*psallo* and *candidatus*, and shows that they departed from their original meaning; but *psallo* is not a derivative verb, and *candidatus* is not a verb at all, and hence these words do not come under Mr. Campbell's principle. This accurate reasoner never stultified himself by saying that primitive words never change their meaning. On the contrary, he said precisely the reverse, as I will show in a subsequent article.

Mr. Campbell challenged Mr. Rice to produce a single derivative verb of action that had ever so far alienated from itself the root meaning of the primitive word as to indicate any action specifically different from that intimated in the parent stock, and the foxy Rice failed to meet the challenge; and our author, in his attempt to do it, shifts the issue and misses the point entirely! Mr. Campbell's position is that in *bapto* the root syllable indicates "dip," and that *baptizo*, the derivative, could never, when properly used, express an action specifically different from that, as "sprinkle" or "pour," and the position is impregnable, and our author's guns are too small to shake it.

A LETTER TO MR. BRINEY FROM THE AUTHOR.

September 12, 1914. Rev. J. B. Briney, Pewee Valley, Ky. My dear Brother Briney: I am truly enjoying your spirited review of my book on baptism and I am trying to profit by your strictures. Of course I do not feel called upon to make any response at this time; a book must stand or fall by itself. But on one point I do not feel satisfied to remain silent.

Your intimation that my treatment of quotations from Mr. Campbell has been "an offense against morals" because you do not find them in the Campbell and Rice debate is not only unworthy of the good spirit that nearly always characterizes your polemical writings but of your erudition in the bibliography of baptism as well. The quotations you refer to were taken from Mr. Campbell's constructive volume, "Christian Baptism," published ten years after the Campbell and Rice debate, in 1853.

The particular quotation which you refer to in your second article, "Wherever the radical syllable is found, the radical idea is in it," will be found on page 119—and in italics, too, Brother Briney; and it refers to root syllables not to derivative words!

Not only so, but the very words he uses to illustrate his italicized thesis are primary words, not derivatives—dip, sprinkle, read. It is a pure fiction of Mr. Campbell that because a word is a derivative it is protected somehow against taking on new meaning. A word is a word, and any word may change its meaning in certain circumstances.

As far as I now recall, all my quotations from Mr. Campbell in the chapters dealing with the meaning of the word *baptizo* are from the above-mentioned book and, without exception I think, from the chapter on the "Action of Baptism." I am not sure that I did wisely in omitting to give references for these quotations, but my book was intended for the average untechnical layman quite as much as for the minister, and I didn't want to scare him with footnotes!

The Standard editor's exclamation, "there is surely literary vice of some sort here," upon reading your "exposure" of my "gross carelessness" and "base misrepresentation" of Alexander Campbell, prompts me to suggest that you give this letter of explanation to the Standard readers, a favor which I have no doubt you will be pleased to grant. With assurances of sincere esteem, I remain affectionately your brother,

C. C. MORRISON.

The Sunday School

JESUS AND JUDAS.

INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSON FOR
OCTOBER 25.

Matt. 26:14-25. Memory Verses, 27:3-5.
Golden Text.—Woe unto that man through whom
the Son of man is betrayed! Mt. 26:24.
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26. (47) And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. (48) Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is he: take him. (49) And straightway he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, Rabbi; and kissed him. (50) And Jesus said unto him, Friend, do that for which thou art come. Then they came and laid hands on Jesus, and took him.

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BY CLARK BUCKNER.

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When Loyalty Failed

The Lesson in Today's Life.

BY JOHN R. EWERS.

He made his prayer for strength and it was given him. We often fail to notice this outstanding fact. Facing the



Rev. John R. Ewers.

soldiers that come out to take him, his superiority makes them fall back before him; standing before the august high-priest his kingly silence and marvelous self-control put that dignity in a corner; looking deeply into the eyes of the Roman governor he reveals weakness in Pilate by his own masterful power; only once does he stagger and that is when his own bodily energy ebbs out under the load of his cross. Hanging there he forgives his enemies, considers the welfare of his mother and encourages the penitent thief. Oh, kingly Christ, how Thou dost challenge the enthusiasm of strong men!

Returning from his prayer he sees the procession, headed by Judas, wending their way among the trees. They come upon him. "Whom seek ye?" "Jesus of Nazareth." "I am he"—and they fall back. It is meanness quailing before righteousness; inferiority consciously abashed in the presence of superiority; brutality conquered by spirit. When will we understand the power of truth, of righteousness, of spiritual reality? The world was built for goodness to triumph in.

"PUT UP THY SWORD"

Within the present year the world is to learn the deep meaning of the Master's word, "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." No matter who wins in Europe—the same will be loser. Nothing is gained by brute strength. Europe is wrecked—slain regiments, mangled thousands, violated women, orphaned children, soiled youth, shattered cathedrals, burned homes, devastated fields, kindled hates, the knowledge of dastardly deeds, the remembrance of blood, fire, lust and beastliness—Europe is hell. Take the sword, but know that taking it you perish with it.

FLEEING DISCIPLES

Blundering, short-sighted Peter makes his pathetically loyal defense. He strikes wildly and instead of splitting the fellow's head only succeeds in slicing off an ear. I remember that this was the only event in the Passion Play that elic-

in verse 50 of the preceding chapter.

v. 5. *Sanctuary:* The Holy Place. *Hanged himself:* See Acts 1:18 for a different account.

v. 6. *It is not lawful to put them into the treasury, since it is the price of blood:* How remarkable that murderers should have their scruples. But we have often heard that "there is honor even among thieves."

v. 7. *The potter's field, to bury strangers in:* Probably so called because potters secured their clay there.

v. 9. *Through Jeremiah the prophet:* The quotation is not found in the book of Jeremiah, as we know it, but in Zechariah 2:12-13. The Evangelist probably refers to it as being in Jeremiah because the book of Jeremiah stood at the beginning of the group of prophetic books.

ited a smile. It is pathetically ludicrous. And yet we admire his stout devotion. "I will die with you," he had said a few hours before. He came very near to it here. But for Christ's intervention he would not have survived long. It was the folly of sword play. He meant well but his judgment was bad. It was another example of zeal without knowledge. We strike a blow for God and we knock down the house. We reform saloons with hatehats. We teach sex hygiene blatantly and do more damage than good. We defend some old fogey notion of the Bible and give a fine imitation of Don Quixote. We curse the church for being too slow in some reform and ride off a precipice with foolishly inscribed banner waving. Brave little Peters we would fight the whole world—with the wrong weapons.

And the disciples ran away. Where is all this loyal unto death talk now? Sounding brass. Big sermons and little love. Great loyalty "to the plea" and small missionary offerings. Vast admiration for the church and no service. Loud talk about our "movement" and no defense for a brother minister in distress. Much appreciation for prohibition and the anti-saloon league but no votes—not even registered—not even paying taxes. Large hopes for a great ingathering but no personal work. Vociferous prayers for the "poor and needy," but not a penny for charity. Let us not be too hard on Peter; he has many modern brothers.

"THOU HAST SAID"

"By the living God tell us whether you are the very Christ or not," and he answered in the tragic stillness, "I am." Let there be no doubt here. There are questions that we can debate. There are issues which are not vital; but the divinity, yes, if you will, the deity, of Jesus Christ is not one of them. Here we must plant our feet upon the eternal rock of reality. There has been too much conjuring with the word "divinity." "Yes, I believe that Jesus is divine," I heard a rabbi say, "but I think that he is divine just as I am divine," he added. Divinity is a word to toy with. By it we may mean anything or nothing. If we mean that Jesus was anything less than the God-man we should use some other word. The hour has come when we must say without equivocation, without mental reservation, without any shadowy doubts, without any "ifs" and "ands," without any "If you will let me define it"—the hour has come when we must say, "Yes, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and my Savior." "Who are you?" "I am Christ."

The Mid-Week Service

BY SILAS JONES.

BY SILAS JONES.

TOPIC FOR OCTOBER 14.

The Church That Was Not Approved. Rev. 3:12-22.

A church that is not approved is a church whose members are not approved. "By the word church, however, I understand," says Alexander Campbell, "neither the king of England nor the kingdom of heaven, neither bishops nor pope of Rome, neither a meeting-house nor the sinners who assemble in it; but simply a congregation of saints or Christians who have mutually and definitely agreed to assemble together statedly at a place appointed, for the purpose of worshiping God, keeping his ordinances, correcting, exhorting, edifying, and watching over one another in the fear of God; and who in pursuance of this agreement have organized themselves for the accomplishment of these important purposes." We may add to this that persons so organized have important duties to the communities in which they assemble and to the world. If they do not, for any reason, help one another and contribute something to the growth of morality and religion, they are to be condemned.

DULL INSENSIBILITY.

The church in Laodicea was neither hot nor cold. It had no driving interests. Its loves and its hates were weak. It was not profoundly stirred by spiritual failures. The uncleanness of the popular religion was accepted as necessary and therefore not to be opposed as an insult to God and a degradation of man. At the present time such a church announces that it will attend to its particular offices as a religious institution. Business and politics belong to other organizations. It allows the crooked business man and the corrupt politician to sit in her councils and dictate her policies.

STUPID PRIDE.

This church thought it was rich. It must have boasted of its prosperity. It pointed out the men of wealth in its membership. Perhaps it had a place of worship more pleasing to the artistic taste than were the places of worship of the other churches of Asia. It is easy for human beings to be proud of external conditions and neglectful of the weightier matters of religion.

DEEP POVERTY.

The church in Laodicea was poor in intelligence. It had plenty of conceit and very little knowledge. I doubt that martyrs were sustained in their sufferings by its prayers. Churches that were undertaking great things for the kingdom did not look to it for loyal support. Its word was weak and contemptible. The men who praised it for its moderation in dealing with evils despised it for its ignorance and cowardice. It was respectable because it had no vision and followed the drift of opinion. If a church of Jesus Christ has any reason for its existence, it creates sentiment. It does not wait for history to decide what is good and right. It subjects its faith to the decisions of history—it has to do this—but its faith is one of the factors in history.

REBUKE IN LOVE.

Rebuke in hate is easy. We like to denounce and to deride men who have deranged our plans and shown our wisdom to be foolishness. The Christian rebuke has a different motive. As the father corrects the child he loves, as a friend leads one away from sordid ideals, so the disciple of Jesus administers all his rebukes. He thinks of the other fellow as well as of his own wounded pride when he admonishes the other. He reads the biblical denunciations of sin as one who loves and not as one who hates.

Jer. 9:23-24; 48:7; Rom. 1:22; 1 Cor. 8:12; 13:4; Gal. 6:3; Lev. 19:17; Ps. 141:5; Prov. 27:5; Matt. 18:15-17; 1 Thess. 5:14; Heb. 3:13.

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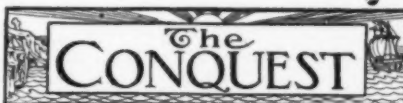
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The Lesson in Today's Life.

BY JOHN R. EWERS.

He made his prayer for strength and it was given him. We often fail to notice this outstanding fact. Facing the



Rev. John R. Ewers.

soldiers that come out to take him, his superiority makes them fall back before him; standing before the august high-priest his kingly silence and marvelous self-control put that dignity in a corner; looking deeply into the eyes of the Roman governor he reveals weakness in Pilate by his own masterful power; only once does he stagger and that is when his own bodily energy ebbs out under the load of his cross. Hanging there he forgives his enemies, considers the welfare of his mother and encourages the penitent thief. Oh, kingly Christ, how Thou dost challenge the enthusiasm of strong men!

Returning from his prayer he sees the procession, headed by Judas, wending their way among the trees. They come upon him. "Whom seek ye?" "Jesus of Nazareth." "I am he"—and they fall back. It is meanness quailing before righteousness; inferiority consciously abashed in the presence of superiority; brutality conquered by spirit. When will we understand the power of truth, of righteousness, of spiritual reality? The world was built for goodness to triumph in.

"PUT UP THY SWORD"

Within the present year the world is to learn the deep meaning of the Master's word, "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." No matter who wins in Europe—the same will be loser. Nothing is gained by brute strength. Europe is wrecked—slain regiments, mangled thousands, violated women, orphaned children, soiled youth, shattered cathedrals, burned homes, devastated fields, kindled hates, the knowledge of dastardly deeds, the remembrance of blood, fire, lust and beastliness—Europe is hell. Take the sword, but know that taking it you perish with it.

FLEEING DISCIPLES

Blundering, short-sighted Peter makes his pathetically loyal defense. He strikes wildly and instead of splitting the fellow's head only succeeds in slicing off an ear. I remember that this was the only event in the Passion Play that elic-

in verse 50 of the preceding chapter.

v. 5. *Sanctuary:* The Holy Place. *Hanged himself:* See Acts 1:18 for a different account.

v. 6. *It is not lawful to put them into the treasury, since it is the price of blood:* How remarkable that murderers should have their scruples. But we have often heard that "there is honor even among thieves."

v. 7. *The potter's field, to bury strangers in:* Probably so called because potters secured their clay there.

v. 9. *Through Jeremiah the prophet:* The quotation is not found in the book of Jeremiah, as we know it, but in Zechariah 2:12-13. The Evangelist probably refers to it as being in Jeremiah because the book of Jeremiah stood at the beginning of the group of prophetic books.

ited a smile. It is pathetically ludicrous. And yet we admire his stout devotion. "I will die with you," he had said a few hours before. He came very near to it here. But for Christ's intervention he would not have survived long. It was the folly of sword play. He meant well but his judgment was bad. It was another example of zeal without knowledge. We strike a blow for God and we knock down the house. We reform saloons with hatchets. We teach sex hygiene blatantly and do more damage than good. We defend some old fogey notion of the Bible and give a fine imitation of Don Quixote. We curse the church for being too slow in some reform and ride off a precipice with foolishly inscribed banner waving. Brave little Peters we would fight the whole world—with the wrong weapons.

And the disciples ran away. Where is all this loyal unto death talk now? Sound-ing brass. Big sermons and little love. Great loyalty "to the plea" and small missionary offerings. Vast admiration for the church and no service. Loud talk about our "movement" and no defense for a brother minister in distress. Much appreciation for prohibition and the anti-saloon league but no votes—not even registered—not even paying taxes. Large hopes for a great ingathering but no personal work. Vociferous prayers for the "poor and needy," but not a penny for charity. Let us not be too hard on Peter; he has many modern brothers.

"THOU HAST SAID"

"By the living God tell us whether you are the very Christ or not," and he answered in the tragic stillness, "I am." Let there be no doubt here. There are questions that we can debate. There are issues which are not vital; but the divinity, yes, if you will, the deity, of Jesus Christ is not one of them. Here we must plant our feet upon the eternal rock of reality. There has been too much conjuring with the word "divinity." "Yes, I believe that Jesus is divine," I heard a rabbi say, "but I think that he is divine just as I am divine," he added. Divinity is a word to toy with. By it we may mean anything or nothing. If we mean that Jesus was anything less than the God-man we should use some other word. The hour has come when we must say without equivocation, without mental reservation, without any shadowy doubts, without any "Ifs" and "Ands," without any "If you will let me define it"—the hour has come when we must say, "Yes, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and my Savior." "Who are you?" "I am Christ."

The Mid-Week Service

BY SILAS JONES.

BY SILAS JONES.

TOPIC FOR OCTOBER 14.

The Church That Was Not Approved. Rev. 3:12-22.

A church that is not approved is a church whose members are not approved. "By the word church, however, I understand," says Alexander Campbell, "neither the king of England nor the kingdom of heaven, neither bishops nor pope of Rome, neither a meeting-house nor the sinners who assemble in it; but simply a congregation of saints or Christians who have mutually and definitely agreed to assemble together stately at a place appointed, for the purpose of worshipping God, keeping his ordinances, correcting, exhorting, edifying, and watching over one another in the fear of God; and who in pursuance of this agreement have organized themselves for the accomplishment of these important purposes." We may add to this that persons so organized have important duties to the communities in which they assemble and to the world. If they do not, for any reason, help one another and contribute something to the growth of morality and religion, they are to be condemned.

DULL INSENSIBILITY.

The church in Laodicea was neither hot nor cold. It had no driving interests. Its loves and its hates were weak. It was not profoundly stirred by spiritual failures. The uncleanness of the popular religion was accepted as necessary and therefore not to be opposed as an insult to God and a degradation of man. At the present time such a church announces that it will attend to its particular offices as a religious institution. Business and politics belong to other organizations. It allows the crooked business man and the corrupt politician to sit in her councils and dictate her policies.

STUPID PRIDE.

This church thought it was rich. It must have boasted of its prosperity. It pointed out the men of wealth in its membership. Perhaps it had a place of worship more pleasing to the artistic taste than were the places of worship of the other churches of Asia. It is easy for human beings to be proud of external conditions and neglectful of the weightier matters of religion.

DEEP POVERTY.

The church in Laodicea was poor in intelligence. It had plenty of conceit and very little knowledge. I doubt that martyrs were sustained in their sufferings by its prayers. Churches that were undertaking great things for the kingdom did not look to it for loyal support. Its word was weak and contemptible. The men who praised it for its moderation in dealing with evils despised it for its ignorance and cowardice. It was respectable because it had no vision and followed the drift of opinion. If a church of Jesus Christ has any reason for its existence, it creates sentiment. It does not wait for history to decide what is good and right. It subjects its faith to the decisions of history—it has to do this—but its faith is one of the factors in history.

REBUKE IN LOVE.

Rebuke in hate is easy. We like to denounce and to deride men who have deranged our plans and shown our wisdom to be foolishness. The Christian rebuke has a different motive. As the father corrects the child he loves, as a friend leads one away from sordid ideals, so the disciple of Jesus administers all his rebukes. He thinks of the other fellow as well as of his own wounded pride when he admonishes the other. He reads the biblical denunciations of sin as one who loves and not as one who hates.

Jer. 9:23-24; 48:7; Rom. 1:22; 1 Cor. 8:1-2; 13:4; Gal. 6:3; Lev. 19:17; Ps. 141:5; Prov. 27:5; Matt. 18:15-17; 1 Thess. 5:14; Heb. 3:13.

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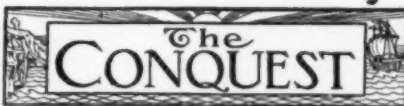
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